

James Gillespie

Falkirk

Scotland

From

Aunt Janet

39-11-21-65

7th April 1885-

FOOT-MEN-NO.

THE FOOT-MEN-NO. OF THE
 1892

THE FOOT-MEN-NO. OF THE
 1892

Bookseller
(AND ST

THE
FORGET-ME-NOT.

That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem—the fair Forget-me-not.

COLERIDGE.

T. NELSON AND SONS, LONDON; EDINBURGH;
AND NEW YORK.

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TO MRS. T. N.

FORGET me not! sweet words of love
Looking on to a future day,
With a chiding doubt lest the fond heart prove
A frail one, when far away.

Affection's petition, by which she prays
In accents of tenderest tone,—
Oh let not the warmth of affection's rays
Be slighted when thou art gone!

Filial, parental, fraternal ties,
All yearning for lasting faith,
Feel still in their inmost thoughts arise
All the floral emblem saith.

But to thee,—by unchanging experience proved
In each scene of thy happy lot,
Kindly to love and to be beloved
Unforgetting and unforgot,—

Be the wayside emblem the lover sends,
And this wreath that assumes its name
But tokens reminding of faithful friends
That in absence endure the same.

To the Reader.

THE pleasing fancy conveyed in the gift of the little flower, to which the name of Forget-me-not has been given, is one readily acknowledged by every heart, and in which few indeed will not acknowledge a sympathetic response at its renewal.

The Editor of the present little Volume has sought to arrange together, in its pages, such a selection as shall shadow forth that modest flower, and prove in the hands of parting friends an appropriate substitute for its emblematic offering; recalling to the distant wanderer the memory of those most dear, and whispering for each, as a faithful monitor,—Though absent,

FORGET-ME-NOT!

Edinburgh, 1st May, 1846.

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FRIENDSHIP'S
FORGET-ME-NOT.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

To flourish in my favourite bower,
To blossom round my cot,
I cultivate the little flower
They call Forget-me-not.

It springs where Avon gently flows
In wild simplicity;
And 'neath my cottage-window grows,
Sacred to love and thee.

This pretty little flow'ret's dye
Of soft cerulean blue,
Appears as if from Ellen's eye
It had received its hue.

Though oceans now betwixt us roar,
Though distant be our lot,
Ellen! though we should meet no more,
Sweet maid, Forget-me-not.

ANON.

ON A FORGET-ME-NOT.

BROUGHT FROM SWITZERLAND.

FLOWER of the mountain! by the wanderer's
hand

Robbed of thy beauty's short-lived sunny day;
Didst thou but blow to gem the stranger's way,
And bloom, to wither in the stranger's land!

Hueless and scentless as thou art,
How much that stirs the memory,
How much, much more that thrills the
heart,
Thou faded thing, yet lives in thee!

Where is thy beauty? in the grassy blade
There lives more fragrance, and more fresh-
ness now;

Yet oh! not all the flowers that bloom and fade
Are half so dear to memory's eye as thou.

The dew that on the mountain lies,
The breeze that o'er the mountain sighs,
Thy parent stem will nurse and nourish;
But thou—not e'en those sunny eyes
As bright, as blue, as thine own skies,
Thou faded thing! can make thee flourish.

FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

PARTING WORDS.

FAREWELL! I must not look again on thee!
Thou who hast been what none may tell or
know

Unto my weary soul, shedding a light of joy—
A gleam of sunshine, o'er my path below.

Farewell! and dream not of the past again—
I would not wish thy gentle spirit wrung
With bitter thoughts, such memories as these
Are not for those whose hopes and hearts are
young.

The world—the breathing world of light and
flowers,
To thee is fair; no darkening shade has
passed
O'er thy young visions, or no blight of tears
Has o'er thy brow a shade of suffering cast.

Ah, no!—thou art too beautiful by far—
Thou must be loved by all where'er thou art;
By all who feel as I have felt, and know
The warmth, the love, of thy young trusting
heart.

Vain idle words ! can any know or feel
The love which binds my spirit unto thine !
That power which lights and glorifies my way,
This vain, yet pure, idolatry of mine !

And yet I go—the baseless dream is gone—
The dream of fitful life is waning fast ;
Say, shall we meet again in other worlds,
We who have loved so fondly to the last !

And as the wings of time glide swiftly on
Their free fleet course, on to eternity,
If aught awakes one dream of bygone years,
Or brings thee back one memory of me ;

Chide not such thoughts ; it will not dim thy
brow

To linger then on dreams of vanished hours—
These free and vernal days when life was young,
And every hope was fair as opening flowers.

But dream not now—send back each wander-
ing thought,

Back to the heart's most lonely hidden cell ;
They only waken sad and bitter tears,—
Bid the sad conflict cease—farewell ! farewell !

MRS. WARNER.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultivated ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.

Where time or sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious lot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget me not.

And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

LORD FRANCIS L. GOWER.

THE ANCIENT TOMBS.

THEY rise on isle and ocean shore,
They stand by lake and stream,
And blend with many a shepherd's tale,
And many a poet's dream ;

Where darkly lours the northern pine,
Where bright the myrtle blooms,
And on the desert's trackless sands,
Arise the ancient tombs.

The hands that raised them, long ago,
In Death and dust have slept,
And long the grave hath sealed the founts
Of eyes that o'er them wept;
But still they stand, like sea-marks left
Amid the passing waves
Of generations, that go down
To their forgotten graves.

For many an early nation's steps
Have passed from hill and plain;
Their homes are gone, their deeds forgot,
But still their tombs remain—
To tell, when Time hath left no trace
Of tower or storied page,
Our ancient earth how glorious was
Her early heritage.

They tell us of the lost and mourned,
When earth was new to tears;
The bard that left his tuneful lyre,
The chief that left his spears;

Ah ! were their lights of love and fame
On those dark altars shed,
To keep undimmed, through time and change,
The memory of the dead ?

If so, alas for Love's bright tears !
And for Ambition's dreams !
For earth hath kept their monuments,
But lost the sleepers names :
They live no more in story's scroll,
Or song's inspiring breath ;
For altars raised to human fame
Have turned to shrines of death.

But from your silence, glorious graves,
What mystic voices rise,
That this, through passing ages, speak
Their lessons to the wise !
Behold, how still the world rewards
Her brightest, as of yore ;
For then she gave a nameless grave—
And now she gives no more.

FRANCES BROWN.

FAME.

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
Whilst in that sound there is a charm,
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm ;
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part ?

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be ;
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare—a shipless sea ?
They are the distant objects seen,
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE ARAB MAID.

FROM the dark and sunless caverns
Where earth's waters dwell ;
By the palm-trees of the desert,
Springeth forth a well.
Still the shadow of its birth-place
Rests upon the wave,
Haunted with ancestral darkness,
From its central cave.

Never does it know the sunshine,
Dark it is and deep ;
In its silent depths at noontide
Do the planets sleep.
Round it lies the sculptured marble
Of some ancient town,
Long since, with its towers and temples,
To the dust gone down.

Yet it shareth with the present ;
For the winds that pass
Catch its freshness, and around it
Grows the pleasant grass.
Over it the fragrant tamarind
Sheds its early leaves ;
And the pelican's white bosom
From it life receives.

Not alone to the far planets,
When the sun is bright,
Does it serve a clear, dark mirror,
For their haunting light :
But a dream of human beauty
Lingers on its tide ;
Never yet were stars so lovely
As the eyes beside.

Lovely is the Arab maiden,
Leaning thoughtful there ;
While the languid gale of evening
Lifts not her black hair.
Purple is her brodered caftan ;
And the golden band
Tells she is a cheftain's daughter
In that eastern land.

Scarcely has she left her childhood,
Yet a deeper trace
Than our first and careless summers
Is upon her face.
On that youthful cheek is paleness ;
For the heart's repose
Is disturbed by dreams and fancies
That deny the rose.

Touched with tender melancholy
Is the youth of love,

Haunted by unconscious knowledge
Of its clouds above.
Doth her heart call up one image,
Unavowed how dear?
For acknowledged hope too timid,
Yet too fond for fear?

Will the stately dark-eyed warrior
Bear her to his tent?—
Yet, with dreaming of her lover,
What sad thoughts are blent!
When they fling the veil, rose-coloured,
O'er the parting bride;
Not alone does it hide blushes—
It has tears to hide.

L. E. L.

LINES,

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

I'LL tell thee why this weary world meseemeth
But as the visions light of one who dreameth,
Which pass like clouds, leaving no trace behind;
Why this strange life, so full of sin and folly,
In me awakeneth no melancholy,
Nor leaveth shade, or sadness, on my mind.

'Tis not that with an undiscerning eye
I see the pageant wild go dancing by,
Mistaking that which falsest is, for true ;
'Tis not that pleasure hath entwined me,
'Tis not that sorrow hath enshrined me ;
I bear no badge of roses or of rue,
But in the inmost chambers of my soul
There is another world, a blessed home,
O'er which no living pow'r holdeth control,
Anigh to which ill things do never come.
There shineth the glad sunlight of clear thought,
With hope, and faith, holding communion high,
Over a fragrant land with flow'rs ywrought,
Where gush the living springs of poesy,
There speak the voices that I love to hear,
There smile the glances that I love to see,
There live the forms of those my soul holds dear,
For ever, in that secret world, with me.
They who have walked with me along life's way,
And sever'd been by fortune's adverse tide,
Who ne'er again, thro' time's uncertain day,
In weal or woe, may wander by my side ;
These all dwell here : nor these, whom life alone
Divideth from me, but the dead, the dead ;
Those weary ones who to their rest are gone,
Whose foot-prints from the earth have vanished ;
Here dwell they all : and here within this world,
Like light within a summer sun cloud furl'd,
My spirit dwells. Therefore, this evil life,

With all its gilded snares, and fair deceivings,
Its wealth, its want, its pleasures, and its griev-
ings,

Nor frights, nor frets me, by its idle strife.

O thou! who readest, of thy courtesy,

Whoe'er thou art, I wish the same to thee!

F. A. BUTLER.

THE THIRD THOUGHT THE BEST.

THROUGH bright, delicious summer hours,

The golden sun was shining,

On mossy banks and beds of flowers,

While, in the wood reclining,

Around me visions fill'd the air:

The elfin king and queen,

And all their folk, in garments rare,

Were dancing in the sheen.

And then said I, "Afar from strife,

From every toil and care,

Sure there must be a happy life

Found here, if any where!"——

Then breath'd a voice the greenwood through——

"That is not true."

Then came the winter long and drear,
And, in my hut alone,
I sat and watch'd the fading year,
And thus began to moan:
“ And this is life ! if blooms a flower,
The frost must cut it down ;
Soon fades the beauteous summer-hour
Before the winter's frown.
And this is life ! a dreary scene—
Dead earth and sullen sky—
Better had summer never been
Than only bloom to die ! ”
Then breath'd a voice my casement through—
“ That is not true.”

But, when the spring-time budded out,
Forth from my hut I went,
And, saved from many a gloomy doubt,
Thus utter'd my intent :—
“ Yes, this is life ! a constant sky
Shines all the clouds above—
So lives, while signs and shadows die,
An everlasting love !
I'll live in love, right faithfully,
Through bright and gloomy hours :
The bright shall cheer my constancy,
The dark shall try its powers.”
Then breath'd a voice all Nature through—
“ Ay ! That is true ! ”

J. GOSTICK.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ON THE MONUMENT TO SOUTHEY, KESWICK.

" YE torrents foaming down the rocky steeps,
 Ye lakes wherein the Spirit of Water sleeps,
 Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
 The Poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you.
 His eyes have closed ; and ye, loved books, no
 more

Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
 To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
 Adding immortal labours of his own :
 Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
 For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal ;
 Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
 Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
 Or Judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
 By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
 Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
 Could private feelings find a holier nest.
 His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
 From Skiddaw's top ; but he to Heaven was vowed
 Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith
 In his pure soul the fear of change and death."

WORDSWORTH.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

THE sea, the sea, is England's,
And England's shall remain,
Tho' the might of France, and the world advance,
To contest our ocean reign !
Quoth gallant Blake, as he spread his sails,
And his cannon shook the waves :
Fire away, boys ! for the day is ours,
Or here, lads, foam our graves.
Fire away, boys ! quoth he again,
For the sea, the sea, is England's,
And England's shall remain !

The fresh winds blowing loud and strong,
The Spaniards fled—which rare is—
And we chased them far, and we chased them long,
Till they anchored in Canaries.
Quoth our admiral, as their castles blazed
With guns like a stormy night,
Do they think to frighten us ? Fire away, boys,
For old England's might and right !
Fire away, boys ! quoth he again ;
For the sea, the sea is England's,
And England's shall remain !

We sunk and burned and we took them all,
With gold and spices laden,
And our sweethearts each had a jolly haul,
For each loved his English maiden ;
But as home we came—quoth our admiral,
I'm going, lads, aloft !
And he died with a smile, but his dying word
Was, Fire away, boys ! now board her ! soft !
Fire away, boys ! quoth he again,
For the sea, the sea, is England's,
And England's shall remain.

ANON.

LAY OF THE GREENWOOD.

MOUNT, mount thy steed, sweet Rosalind,
I crave a boon to-day ;
Mount, mount thy steed, my ladye bright,
And to the woods away !
For each waving bough
Doth woo us now
To where cool winds murmur, and clear streams
flow.

Glad thoughts be thine, sweet Rosalind,
Beneath yon laughing skies ;
Glad thoughts to make more gladsome still
The soft light of thine eyes.

No time is this
For grief, I wis,
But for pleasant fancies and dreams of bliss.

I will lead thee far, sweet Rosalind,
Through some glade and glen,
O'er the liliated lea, by the green hill side,
Far, far, from the haunts of men;
Till the dove's low moan
Is heard alone
'Midst the shadowy branches o'er us thrown.

And there, in the depths, dear Rosalind,
Of that sweet sylvan scene,
Will I weave a wreath of blushing flowers,
And crown thee Love's fair queen;
And on bended knee
Vow loyally
Ever thy liegeman till death to be.

Then mount thy steed, sweet Rosalind,
And grant my boon to-day;
Mount, mount thy steed, my ladye bright,
And to the woods away!
For each waving bough
Doth woo us now
To where cool winds murmur, and clear streams
flow.

T. WESTWOOD.

FORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUKE CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

"Comme le subgiet de Fortune."

I THE slave of Fortune ever
From my early youth became,
And in age we do not sever,
She to me is still the same.
I am one, beneath the moon,
Whom she orders at her will;
I, her subject, late and soon
Ceaselessly have served her still.

Her, as mistress, to obey,
Is the lesson of my life,
And I cannot turn away,
In good or ill, in peace or strife;
Nor by bondage can I break,
But the fruit she gives must take.

ANON.

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool ;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes ;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save ;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free ;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall
And laboured on her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace ;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

LONGFELLOW.

THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE.

“ Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart.”

LADY, thy brow is very bright,
Thy looks are glad and gay,
And thy young eyes shed gentle light
Around them as they play ;

No shadows linger on thy sight,
But they do smile away!
And still—though happiness doth seem
To gild thee with its brightest beam,
And sing unto thy soul a song
Whose melody charms life along,—
I see thee in a sadder mood
Than sunshine should inspire,
For in my poet's heart doth brood
The memory of thy sire!
And gushingly upon my brain
Comes floating that angelic strain
Of Love, so deep—so warm—so wild—
Which Byron lavish'd on his child;
Then Genius and Affection grew
More beautiful while blessing you;
And pour'd out, in their fond excess,
The poetry of tenderness!

Thou livest in those lines: their light
Is glowing round thee now,
And, in the world's admiring sight,
Dwells ever on thy brow.
It cannot gaze on thee—their gem—
Without a passing thought of them;
And Memory's cup flows to the brim,
At sight of thee, with dreams of him—
The Bard who made his eagle tame
In passion as the dove,

To shed around his Ada's name
A Father's halo-love ;
'Mid all the fires that warm'd his breast,
As bright, but holier than the rest !

And still the Poet's blessing crowns
The beauty of thy life,
It hallows all the Mother's hope,
It sanctifies the Wife.
Young Wife ! fond Mother ! give thee joy,
Shine stars on thy career,
And love and happiness combine
To weave thy atmosphere !
Two merry children in thy heart
Have made themselves a throne,
And sit, as in thy Father's soul
Thou once didst sit alone !
May their fair Mother live with pride
To watch them on to fame,
Far as a Byron's genius darts
The dazzle of its name !

ANON.

FROM THE ARABIC.

WHILE sad suspense and chill delay
 Bereave my wounded soul of rest;
 New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
 By turns assail my lab'ring breast.
 My heart, which ardent love consumes,
 Throbs with each agonizing thought;
 So flutters, with entangled plumes,
 The lark, in wily meshes caught.

SIR W. JONES.

THE POET'S PATH.

THE poet's path of old, it passed
 By Grecian grove and hill;
 And through the wrecks of war and time
 We trace its splendour still;
 For there the ancient temples rose,
 As at the thrilling call
 Of that Egyptian wanderer's lyre
 Arose the Theban wall.

And since o'er many a distant shore
 That starry path hath shone,
 For gleaming through the Polar night,
 It cheered the frozen zone;

The old Crusaders saw it shine
Through realms of Eastern bloom,
And the wanderers of the Western woods
Amid their leafy gloom.

But like the ocean-doomed, who sought
The happy isles of yore,
The feet that seek that pleasant path
May turn aside no more ;
For tuneful lips that once have quaffed
The bright Castalian rill,
Though never more they taste the wave,
Will wander by it still.

As he who traversed lands of old—
The glorious and unknown—
Returned at last in age to be
A stranger in his own ;
So hearts that early leave the dust,
That upward path to share,
Forgotten lose their hold of earth,
And seem but strangers there.

But oh ! what glorious visions shine,
What lovely scenes arise,
Around that mystic path, to win
From earth the pilgrim's eyes !

Though ever seen through thorny brakes,
Or wastes of trackless sand,
As Israel from the wilderness
Beheld his promised land.

Long, long, the early Muse hath left
Her own, her Grecian isles;
And long the Runic harp is hushed
Among the Northern wilds;
And o'er the poet's path a flood
Of time and tears hath swept;
But still 'tis all of Eden which
Our fallen world hath kept.

FRANCES BROWN.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

BY CHALON.

“ Throw back the barriers!—Marshal—see
That, high above that shout,
Herald and trumpet fearlessly
Ring our defiance out!
Long as this arm can lift a lance—
This hand a charger rein,

Supreme o'er all yon Lady's glance,
Where beauty throngs, or pennons dance,
Devoted We maintain!
And knightly spur be hacked from heel,
Reversed his blazon be,
Who, Bright One, in the combat's peal,
Strikes feeble stroke for thee!
Back with the barriers!—undismayed
Fling forth our challenge wide!
God, and one lustrous look to aid,
The battle We abide!"

Such, in the Tourneys noble days,
Had haply been the guise
Of errant Minstrel's duteous praise,
Beneath Her gracious smile, whose gaze
Before us shadowed lies.—
But, woe for Beauty and for Bard,
Those days are gone—the glory-starred!
For Roland's horn of dreadful tone
We hear the Knightsbridge bugles blown,
And the sole fields of Cloth of Gold
Are by veracious Robins sold.
Nothing through earth or ocean's range
But suffers dull disastrous 'change,—
Save Woman's radiant looks that beam
As ages back they beamed,
When Sydney wove his starry dream,
And Surrey's falchion gleamed.

O blessed boon!—though vanished long
Those stately times of sword and song!—
Still blooms—though low the shaft is laid—
The loved Acanthus undecayed.—
We drink deep faith from yonder face,
That, though the sterner powers
Of Chivalry are gone—its grace
And gladness still are ours.

B. SIMMONS.

THE CAPTIVITY OF FRANCIS I.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WHEN the King, from France departing,
Other lands to conquer sought,
'Twas at Pavia he was taken,
By the wily Spaniard caught.

“Yield thee, yield thee straight, King Francis,
Death or prison is thy lot.”

“Wherefore call you me King Francis?
Such a monarch know I not.”

Then the Spaniard raised his mantle,
And beheld the Fleur de lys;
Then they chain him, and, full joyous,
Bear him to captivity.

In a tower where moon nor sunlight
Came but by a window small,
There he lay, and, as he gazes,
Sees a courier pass the wall.

“ Courier, who art letters bringing,
Tell me what in France is said.”

“ Ah! my news is sad and heavy,
For the King is ta'en or dead!”

“ Back with speed, oh courier, hasten,—
Haste to Paris back with speed:
To my wife and little children,
Bid them help me at my need;

“ Bid them coin new gold and silver,
All that Paris has to bring;
And send here a heap of treasure,
To redeem the captive King.”

ANON.

WINTER AND THE FLOWERS.

OLD Winter loveth not the flowers, for they
Do mind him, with their meek and innocent
looks,
How soon his sceptre must be laid aside.
Awhile since came the snowdrop preaching thus;

Him Winter heard, and hearing, inly vowed,
That he would wreak upon those rebel hosts
Sudden and sharp revenge ; so, putting on
The aspect of mild Spring, he bade the winds
Blow softly, and the unclouded sun look down
With warmer radiance on the quickening earth :
This did he many a day, till, one by one,
Came forth the bursting flowers, and 'gan to ope
Their fairy blossoms, and their perfumes pour
Upon the pinions of the treacherous breeze.
Then laughed Winter, with a scornful laugh,—
And stripping off the mask, with killing eyes
He looked around ; his helpless victims shrank
Beneath that cruel gaze, and on their stems
Hung, droopingly and pale ; then shouted he
To his pitiless jailor, Frost, to bind his realm,
Meadow, and garden, each green pastoral spot,
And woodland nook, and dell, and river bank,
In chains of adamant : next morn the flowers
Lay on the icy earth, withered and dead,
But the sweet sky, as if in gentle ruth
For such fell ravage, veiled the sun with clouds,
And spread, with weeping face, above their
 graves,
A pall of virgin snow.

T. WESTWOOD.

A LYRIC.

I SEE thee, Glendalough!—no dream
Of wild imagination:
Far lovelier do thy beauties seem
To quiet contemplation—
I see thee, and I hear a voice
Into my bosom stealing,
That bids me inwardly rejoice
In ecstasy of feeling.

And yet—for thoughts of sorrow will
Oft mingle with our gladness,
Creating, when the heart is still,
No unbecoming sadness—
While to this feast of nature I
Both soul and sense surrender,
I check not the obsequious sigh
O'er faded pride and splendour.

The mists descend, the mountain heads
With snow-like wreaths adorning:
And through the glen unbroken spreads
The stillness of the morning—
No streamlets' voice—no bird along
On dewy pinion soaring
Chants forth to heaven its matin song,
Melodious pleasure pouring—

But solitude and silence dwell,
Like sisters, here united ;
And Echo in her rocky cell
For ever rests delighted !
And pale Romance around each cave
Is happy still to linger,
And touch each mound and humble grave
With sanctifying finger.

C. J. BLACK.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WHEN, o'er the landscape, charming spring
Weeps 'mid her smiles in gentle showers,
And fragrant op'ning blossoms fling
Their varied sweets from gay wild flowers,
The evil and the good have rights
On your protection,—then to man,
Afford, ye little elfin sprites,
Whatever friendly aid ye can !

While hov'ring yon poor mortal's head around,
Fulfil your duties as good fairies bound—
Assuage the furious conflict in his heart,
Heal the keen wounds of memory's fatal dart ;

With cunning spells lull sorrow's wintry blast,
And teach him blest oblivion of the past.
Night hath divisions four; but let them be
Conjoined, for once, in mystic unity!

First, on the greensward give him calm repose,
Next, bathe him in the dew of Lethe's stream,
So that with limbs refresh'd, like new-blown rose,
He may bud forth anew, with morning's gleam;
O'er him let Conscience' pangs have no control,
And with celestial fire illumine his soul!

A. GURNEY.

RESERVE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SOMETHING should remain unseen,
All the will should not appear;
For light thoughts will intervene,
And light words to danger veer.

Sometimes on the verge of speech,
Better not be overbold,
But little pausing caution teach,
What to say and what withhold.

Idle talk is ever free,
And with riches soon runs o'er ;
Reason should the treasurer be,
And still something keep in store.

ANON.

THE LATE DISCOVERY.

SHE stood where hills were high and green,
Where flowers were sweet and wild,
Where ne'er before her steps had been,
The city's toiling child ;
But even the glorious spring that shed
Its sunshine o'er her now,
Could ne'er restore the spring-time fled
From that young heart and brow.

She saw the happy hamlet homes,
In valleys fair and free ;
And heard, among the meadow blooms,
The voice of childhood's glee ;
But from those early shaded eyes
The tears were falling fast,
As thus, amid her dying days,
The blighted spoke at last :

“ Ah! had the earth such glorious things
Beneath so blue a sky,
While all my cheerless, hopeless springs
In darkness glided by?
Did all these lovely scenes expand,
These happy hearts exist,
And yet, amid the pleasant land,
How was my portion mist?

For I have seen the palace hall
In distant splendour gleam,
And heard the midnight festival
Awake my weary dream;
And all that wealth from farthest shore
Or distant wave could bring,
Mine eyes have seen, but ne’er before
Beheld the blessed spring.

Though oft such visions long ago
My lonely dreams have cross’d
Yet never knew my soul, till now,
The all that it had lost.
Oh, lovely vales! oh, glorious skies!
Oh, flowers of balmy breath!
How will ye gladden other eyes
When mine are sealed in death.

Alas! for human sacrifice,
The stain of every clime;

For all whose youth unpitied dies,
The lost, the doomed of time.
Ah! well, well, may that promised shore
Be bright with tearless bliss,
If it to withered hearts restore
Their summers lost on this."

FRANCES BROWN.

⁴
TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart responding, ever said,
" Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy works are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, " Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse!
The Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dead Apocalypse!

LONGFELLOW.

A ROMANCE OF THE GANGES.

THEY stand beneath the midnight,
Beside the river-sea,
Whose water sweepeth white around
The shadow of the tree.
The moon and earth are face to face,
And earth is tranced deep!
The wave-voice seems the voice of dreams
That wander through her sleep.
The river floweth on.

What bring they 'neath the midnight,
Beside the river-sea?
They bring that human heart, wherein
No nightly calm can be—
That droppeth never with the wind,
Nor drieth with the dew—
Oh, calm it, God! Thy calm is broad
To cover spirits, too.
The river floweth on.

The maidens lean them over
The waters, side by side,
And shun each other's deepening eyes,
And gaze adown the tide :
And each within a little boat
A little flame hath lit ;
If bright it move, the loved doth love,—
And love doth fail with it—
The river floweth on.

Go, little boats, go softly,
And guard the symbol spark !
The little boats go soft and safe
Across the waters dark.
And Luti's eyes have caught the fire
They watch ; and unawares,
That blessed while, she lets a smile
Creep silent through her prayers !
The river floweth on.

The smile—where hath it wandered ?—
She riseth from her knee ;
She holds her dark wet locks away—
There is no light to see !
She cries a quick and bitter cry—
“ Nuleeni, launch me thine !
We must have light abroad to-night,
For all the wreck of mine ! ”
The river floweth on.

“ Come thou—thou never knewest
A grief, that thou shouldst fear it—
Thou wearest still the happy look
That feels another’s near it!
Thy humming-bird is in the sun,
Thy cuckoo in the grove;
And all the three broad worlds, for thee,
Are full of wandering love.”
The river floweth on.

The little maiden cometh—
She cometh shy and slow;
I ween she seeth through her lids,
They drop a-down so low!
Her tresses near her small feet bare—
She stands, and speaketh nought;
Yet blusheth red, as if she said
The name she only thought.
The river floweth on.

She kneeled by the water—
She lighted up the flame—
And o’er her youthful forehead’s calm
The trembling radiance came.
Go, little boat; go, soft and safe,
And guard the symbol spark!
Soft, safe, doth float the little boat
Across the waters dark.
The river floweth on.

Glad tears her eyes have blinded—

The light they cannot reach—

She turneth with that sudden smile

She learnt before her speech.

“ I do not hear his voice ; the tears

Have dimmed my light away ;

But the symbol light will last to-night—

The love will last for aye.”

The river floweth on.

Then Luti spake behind her—

Out spake she bitterly :

“ By the symbol light that lasts to-night,

Wilt vow a vow to me ? ”

She gazeth upward in her face ;

Soft answer maketh she :

“ By loves that last when lights are past,

I vow that vow to thee.”

The river floweth on.

An earthly look had Luti,

Though her voice was deep as prayer.

“ The rice is gathered from the plains,

To cast upon thine hair.

And when he comes, his marriage-band

Around thy neck to throw ;

Toward his gaze thy bride-smile raise,

And ask of Luti’s wo ; ”

The river floweth on.

“ And when, in seasons after,
Thy young bright-faced son
Shall lean against thy knee, and ask
What deeds his sire hath done ;
Press deep adown thy mother-smile
Upon his ringlets long—
View deep his pretty childish eyes—
And tell of—Luti’s wrong !”

The river floweth on.

She looked up in wonder,
Yet softly answered she—
“ By loves that last when lights are past,
I vowed that vow to thee !
But why glads it thee, that a bride-day be
By a word of wo defiled—
That a word of wrong take the cradle song
From the ear of a sinless child ?”—
“ Why !” Luti said, and her laugh was dread,—
Her laugh was low and wild—
“ That the fair new love may the bridegroom
prove,
And the father shame the child !”

The river floweth on.

“ Thou flowest still, O river !
Thou flowest ’neath the moon—
Thy lily hath not changed a leaf,
Thy charmed lute a tune !

He mixed his voice with thine—and his
Was all I heard around !
But now, beside his chosen bride,
I hear the river's sound !”

The river floweth on.

Come back ! she hath departed—
The word is wandering with her,
And the stricken maidens hear afar
The step and cry together.
O symbols ! none are frail enow
For mortal joys to borrow !
While bright doth float Nuleeni's boat,
She weepeth, dark with sorrow !

The river floweth on.

E. B. BARRETT.

HOPE.

Hope ! ready promiser, unsure performer,
Unequal architect, that builds the mole
Which breaks the mountain billows into spray :
Or fabrics fragile as the gossamers',
That come and vanish with the dews of morn ;
Bitter betrayer, yet sweet counsellor,
Voucher believed with thousand broken oaths !
Friend false, yet, for a fair face, trusted still—
Why do I listen to thee ? Joyful dream,
That turns out oft, on waking, blank despair ;

Why do I trust thy visions and dream on,
Grasping the good I never may enjoy ?
Yet art thou blest so far—The naked wretch
Goes clad by thee the while—the hungry feasts !
The woe-begone forget their tears and smile !
The better part of being is filled up
With solace by thee, and the load, that else
Would break the back, is born with patience still !
Thou art the anodyne which lulls the pang,
That should not chide thee, tho' it wakes again !
The stimulant which breaks the lethargy,
Which, tho' it close on us again, thou robb'st
Of so much being, else were swallowed up !
Thou art a good, although a doubtful one ;
And, wanting thee, this fitful course of life
Were never half run through.

S. KNOWLES.

MY GRAVE.

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep ?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the green-wood tree ?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow ?
Oh, no ! oh, no !

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it
more.

In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf: put no tombstone there,
But green sods deck'd with daisies fair.
Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through—
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
“He served his country and loved his kind.”
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

ANON.

A WISH.

Oh! that I were a fairy sprite to wander
In forest paths, o'erarched with oak and beech;
Where the sun's yellow light, in slanting rays,
Sleeps on the dewy moss: what time the breath
Of early morn stirs the white hawthorn boughs,
And fills the air with showers of snowy blossoms.
Or lie at sunset 'mid the purple heather,
Listening the silver music that rings out
From the pale mountain bells, swayed by the
wind.

Or sit in rocky clefts above the sea,
While one by one the evening stars shine forth
Among the gathering clouds, that strew the
heavens
Like floating purple wreaths of mournful night-
shade!

F. A. BUTLER.

MY FATHER.

"At evening-time there shall be light."

SACRED the hour when thou, my sainted father,
Wast of thy worn-out sinking clay undressed,
Softly, by his pale hand who comes to gather
Time's weary pilgrims home to joy and rest.

Noiseless and clear, and holiest of the seven,
That day when thy last earthly sun went
down,
Thy Sabbath, closing here, began in heaven,
Whilst thy meek brow changed ashes for a
crown.

Hush was the evening: not a zephyr swelling
Heaved the tree-blossom or the woodbine
leaves,
Silent, the bird that sung about our dwelling
Slept where she nestled, close beneath its
eaves.

Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining
When Time's last ray to thy mild eye was
shed;
While Death's cold touch, life's silver cord en-
twining,
Brought his chill night-dew on thy reverend
head.

Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
How didst thou linger till one Sabbath more:
'Twas holy time: thy pure heart stilled its
beating:
Pain, work, and warfare were for ever o'er!

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Now, while the robin, past thy window flying,
Leads off her young, forsaking here her nest,
Constant the wild bird, where thy dust is lying,
Sings her sweet hymn, a requiem to its rest.

There has it joined the ashes of my mother,
Faithful, re-wedded to its only bride:
And there thy latest born, my younger brother,
Thy fond heart's care, sleeps closely by her
side.

Yet, angel-father, over Jordan's water,
Is it so far, that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore, where lonely stands thy
daughter,
Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for
thee?

Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
May not be granted to her mortal sight;
When she so long watched o'er thy head so
hoary,
Smoothing its pillow till that mournful night?

Since here so oft, in pain, the path of duty
Thy patient feet with steady steps have trod,
Safe now they walk the golden streets in beauty;
And, O! thy blessed eyes see peace in God!

MISS H. F. GOULD.

MEMORY.

AH! why should I recall them—the gay the
joyous years,

Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sor-
row and by tears?

Or why should memory love to trace youth's
glad and sunlit way,

When those who made its charms so sweet are
gathered to decay?

The summer's sun shall come again, to brighten
hill and bower—

The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath
the balmy shower;

But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we
shed our tears—

They're gone away and can't return—the friends
of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me
now count o'er

The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days
to come no more—

The happy days of infancy, when no guile our
bosoms knew,

Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each
hour flew?

'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a
dream appears ;
And where are they—the loved, the young, the
friends of boyhood's years ?

Go seek them in the cold church-yard—they
long have stolen to rest ;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe
were ne'er oppressed :
Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud
came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their
joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweet-
est flowers be flung—
The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts
that perish young—
To hearts this world has not torn with racking
hopes and fears ;
For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's
happy years !

CLERE.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

WHERE may that glorious land be found
Which glorious bards have sung ;
The chosen of the nations, crown'd
With fame for ever young ?

A fame that filled the Grecian sea,
And rang through Roman skies ;
O ! ever bright that land must be,
But tell us where it lies !

The rose-crown'd Summer ceaseless shines
On orient realms of gold,
The holy place of early shrines,
The fair, the famed of old :—
But ages on their flood have borne
Away the loftiest fane,
Yet left upon the lands of Morn
A still unbroken chain.

The West, O ! wide its forests wave,
But long the setting sun
Hath blushed to see the toiling slave
On fields for freedom won ;
Still mighty in their seaward path
Roll on the ancient floods,
That miss the brethren of their youth,
The dwellers of the woods.

The North, with misty mantle lours
On nations wise and brave,
Who gather from a thousand shores
The wealth of land and wave ;

But stains are on their boasted store,—
Though Freedom's shrine be fair,
'Tis empty,—or they bow before
A gilded idol there!

The South,—the cloudless South,—expands
Her deserts to the day,
Where rose those yet unconquered bands
Who own no sceptre's sway;
But wherefore is the iron with
Our golden image blent,
For, see, the Harem-bars reach forth
Into the Arab's tent!

O! Earth hath many a region bright,
And Ocean many an isle,
But where on mortals shines the light
Of Freedom's cloudless smile?
The search is vain, from human skies
The Angel early fled,—
Our only land of freedom is
The country of the dead.

FRANCES BROWNE.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LoUD he sang the psalm of David !
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swarth Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

LONGFELLOW.

LOVE'S LOOKS.

Oh! turn those eyes away from me!
Though sweet, yet fearful are their rays;
And though they beam so tenderly,
I feel I tremble 'neath their gaze.

Oh, turn those eyes away! for though
To meet their glance I may not dare,
I know their light is on my brow,
By the warm blood that mantles there.

F. A. BUTLER.

THE MOURNERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF IMMERMANN.

THE leaves come whirling from the trees,
The autumn wind blows chill;
Know you the old decaying house
In the wood so deep and still?

The yellow leaves lie thick around,
The winds wail all about,
A pale and lovely countenance
Looks from the window out.

That pale and lovely face, how calm
It looks in evening gray !
The lady who has spoke to none,
To none a word will say.

No serving-man hath she, no maid ;
To no man's voice gives heed ;
A sound is heard when day declines,
As of a coming steed.

Like a horse's tread it comes a-near ;
She listens—forth she bends ;
And lo ; an old grey-headed knight
Before the door descends.

He climbs the stairs ; and now, a kiss
Upon her brow imprest,
“ How art thou now, dear child ? ” said he,
And held her to his breast.

They sate them to a table of stone,
And looked with looks of woe :
“ Sing me,” said he, “ that little song,
As thou didst long ago.”

She answered, " Ah! how gay I was
When Love's young morning shone,
But now, old man, 'tis so no more,
My young friend he is gone!

" I deck my hair with rosemary,
My funeral crown to be!
Thou know'st, old man, thou knowest well,
Thy only son was he!"

In a ghostly voice the old man spake,
In a ghostly voice replied:
" He fell in the joyous strength of youth—
In the ocean-fight he died!"

" For the honour of my Lord he fell,
Mangled with sword and shot—
I gladly gave my Lord my all—
My son withheld I not!

" My Lord is dead! thy love is dead!
Like sorrow for us two!
The world plays another game,
With which we've nought to do!

" The world turns topsy-turvy now
And lauds the new as prime:
But we—we have our bitter grief
And memory of old time!

“ And with us two the play is played :—
Thou art weak and I am old !”
The yellow leaves whirled round the house,
The autumn wind blew cold.

Who had been there had wept to hear
The two so sadly speak :
But there was not a sing'e tear
On either woful cheek !

MARY HOWITT.

SONNET.

TO A LADY.

Thy soft seraphic beauty, as I gaze,
Sinks through the passive senses to the heart,
And builds its dwelling there ;—becoming part
Of my mind's airy kingdom. It allays
The restless fever that for ever preys
Upon the vitals of my joy :—no art
Can win that withering demon to depart ;
But in thy sight I scarcely feel it stays ;
My being becomes merged and lost in thine,
Blended and interfused, and making one
With that I look upon. These thoughts of mine,
That, when they turn from thee, blind and alone
And weary, over trackless deserts roam,—
Can nowhere else find rest—a Temple, or a
Home !

A. E. M.

THE LAMENT OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

WHERE is the foam of the waters ;
White on the golden sand it shone :
But a wave from the deep came dark and high—
I looked and the foam was gone !
It might not linger !

Where is the snow-wreath of winter ?
Pure in the forest depths it lay :
But the Great Spirit looked from the stormless
heavens,
And the snow-wreath passed away
In its own breathing !

Where is the cloudlet of summer ?
Palely it slept on the sky's calm breast :
But the winds blew strong and the tempest rose—
The cloud found a darker rest,
No more returning !

Lovely wast thou, my sister,
Gentle and sad as the night's cold breath !
Ah ! if thou hadst been less sweet and fair,
Thou wouldst not have charmed cold death,
Nor grieved Omeena !

Vain is the voice of my sorrow !
Never again to the earth nor me
Thy spirit returns from the Shadowy Land :
And with tears shall I gaze, like thee,
On stars and flowers !

Yet will I cease from my mourning,
Child of the moon-lit Ocean-foam !
For a captive, and orphan, and lonely in woe,
Manitto hath called thee home,
To meet the long lost !

Soon may I come to thee, dearest !
Sorrow and tears and the tomb are not there,
And the flowers have no fading, the storm never
comes,
And joy fills the boundless air.—
Sleep, sleep, thou dreamless !

G. H. COTTON.

LINES

TO THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

'Tis said we may commune with Nature's face
Till her images pass to our own—
That the features borrow a finishing grace
From those which they rest upon.

Thus, Lady, methinks in thy glance I trace
The look of thy Falcons, their pride of place,
And their eye, that affronts the full sun.

Yet how still they sit, in their hooded shade,
At thy side—as if changed to doves!
As docile—As gentle!—So changes the maid
When wed to the lord she loves!
So changed art thou—but for him alone;—
So thy Falcons are changed for thee!
The aspiring spirit still dwells in both;
The mounting thoughts,—that, nothing loth,
Now cling to the Earth,—oft yearn to be free,
And wing the free air in their strong heart-glee!

Yet these flowers tell that thy gentle soul
Can take from the low Earth themes of joy—
That thy woman's heart owns no control
Can its sex's sweetest passion destroy.
While thy soul, then, soars, like thy Falcons, to
Heaven,
And thy Heart, like the Flowers, to Earth is
given,
What wonder if Beauty Immortal hath found
thee,
And flung all its spells, like spirits, around thee,
Shielding thy thoughts from all annoy,
And making thy life one long dream of joy!

ANN PONSONBY.

TO A STAR.

THOU little star, that in the purple clouds
Hang'st, like a dew-drop, in a violet bed ;
First gem of evening, glittering on the shrouds,
'Mid whose dark folds the day lies pale and
dead,
As through my tears my soul looks up to thee,
Loathing the heavy chains that bind it here,
There comes a fearful thought that misery
Perhaps is found, even in thy distant sphere.
Art thou a world of sorrow and of sin,
The heritage of death, disease, decay ;
A wilderness, like that we wander in,
Where all things fairest soonest pass away ;
And are there graves in thee, thou radiant
world,
Round which life's sweetest buds fall withered,
Where Hope's bright wings in the dark earth lie
furled,
And living hearts are mouldering with the
dead ?
Perchance they do not die that dwell in thee,
Perchance theirs is a darker doom than ours ;
Unchanging wo, and endless misery,
And morning that hath neither days nor
hours.

Horrible dream!—O dark and dismal path,
Where I now weeping walk, I will not leave
thee.

Earth has one boon for all her children—death:

Open thy arms, oh mother! and receive me!
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,
Give me my birthright! give—the grave, the
grave!

F. A. BUTLER.

THE BRIGHT HOURS OF MEMORY.

THE bright hours of mem'ry—oh, who can look
back,
Retracing his path through the desert of years,
Nor find, in the wastes of that long-trodden
track,
Some far isle of verdure, whose dew is not
tears;
Some spot to whose greenness his steps would
return,
In spite of the thorns and the deserts between,
Could they bear back the spirit that once they
had borne,
Or find it the region that once it had been?

The lights of the past may be feeble and few,
And seen through the mist when life's morning
 was grey,
And pleasures and hopes which they brought to
 our view,
Like the mists of that morn, may have melted
 away;
But still their bright track, which remains in
 the soul,
No shadows can cover, no tears can efface;
Around it life's billows and tempests may
 roll,
But they leave it still clear for the pilgrim to
 trace.

Perchance 'twas an hour when the triumph of
 youth
Arose o'er its labours, and honours achieved,—
Perchance when the vows of affection and
 truth
Were fervently uttered and fondly believed;
Or far in the distance of childhood it lies,
Where dim, as the cloud-covered mountains,
 have grown
The scenes that surround it,—but still in our
 eyes
It seems like one spot where a sunbeam hath
 shone.

The bright hours of mem'ry,—how oft in our
dreams

They bring us the glory of long summer days,
The joy of the spring-time's first blossoms and
beams,

And the laughter that rang by the winter
hearth's blaze!

And, oh! there are hearts, though by fate long
estranged,

And eyes that can lighten our journey no more,
That come in those visions, still true and un-
changed,

With the light and the love and the gladness of
yore!

Bright, bright shines the beacon of hope from
afar,—

And strong is the faith of our youth to pursue
The path of its promise, till dim grows the star,
And faint grow our steps in the wilderness
too:—

But ne'er of her treasures can Mem'ry be reft,
And dark must the days of his pilgrimage be
Who finds not one hour, in his retrospect, left,
Like a full ark of joy on the desolate sea!

FRANCES BROWN.

THE SHRINE.

PART I.

Who knows not, fair Sicilian land !

How proudly thou wert famed of yore,
When all the muses hymned thy strand,
And pleased to deck so sweet a shore,
Bacchus and Ceres, hand in hand,
To thee their choicest treasures bore,
And saw uprise their graceful shrines
'Mid waving corn and curling vines.

Yes ! land thou wert of fruits and flowers,
The favoured land of deity—
By Jove made glad with suns and showers,
By Neptune cheered with brightest sea—
E'en Dis, beneath his gloomy bowers,
Had heard and loved to dream of thee,
And, when he willed to take a bride,
Snatched her from Enna's sloping side.

Those hollow creeds have passed away—
Those false, yet graceful shrines are gone ;
A purer faith, of stricter sway,
For our behoof, their place hath won ;

And Christian altars overlay
Yon temple's old foundation stone ;
And in Minerva's vacant cell
Sublimest Wisdom deigns to dwell.

And where, within some deep shy wood,
And seen but half through curving bough,
In silent marble Dian stood,
Behold ! a holier Virgin now
Hath sanctified the solitude ;
And thou, meek Mary !—Mother—thou
Dost hallow each old pagan spot,
Or storied stream, or fabled grot.

The devious pilgrim, far beguiled,
How gladly doth he turn to greet
Thy long-sought image 'mid the wild !—
A calming thought ! a vision sweet !
If grief be his, then, Lady mild !
Thy gentle aid he will entreat,
And bowed in heart not less than deed,
Findeth a prayer to fit the need.

Thy shrines are lovely, wheresoe'er—
And yet, if it were mine to choose
One, loveliest, where fretted Care
Might come to rest, or Thought to muse,

'Twould be that one, so soft and fair,
That standeth by old Syracuse,
Just where those salt sea waters take
The likeness of an inland lake.

Green-tendrilled plants, in many a ring,
Creep round the grey stone tenderly,
As though in very love to cling
And clasp it—while the reverent sea
A fond uplooking wave doth bring,
To break, anon, submissively ;
As if it came that brow to greet,
Then whisper praise beneath thy feet.

When suns, that sink in twilight clear,
Forth from the city tempt to roam,
Be mine to meet mild evening here,
And muse on friends I've left at home.
But she who loves the mariner,
Shall yet more duly hither come,
Where fitly thou art held to be
Our Guardian Lady of the Sea.

THE SHRINE.

PART II.

SHE cometh to the seaward shrine,
A mother, with her children three—
And they have made the holy sign,
And they have dropped on bended knee ;
Three in the lowly rite combine,
And one is cradled peaceably—
That mother's heart hath business here,
For she doth love the mariner.

Her gallant boy is on the deep—
She loves him more that he is brave ;
Yet when around Peloro's steep
The midnight surges leap and rave,
What marvel if a mother weep,
And thinking on the tropic wave,
Doth flee to thee, O Mother mild !
Thou Mother of the Blessed Child !

Through winds, that sweep like hurricane,
And deadly lightning's lurid light,
She speedeth to the pillared fane,
Where thou dost stand in silver bright.

If solace but for him she gain,
What should a mother's soul affright !
And now the porch-way she doth win,
And through the portal glideth in.

I love the ever-open door,
That welcomes to the house of God !
I love its wide-spread marble floor,
By every foot in freedom trod !
Free altars let me kneel before—
Free as the pathway or the sod,
Whence journeying pilgrim, 'mid broad air,
Wafts unpremeditated prayer !

She prayeth 'mid the silent pile—
Her whispers round the columns creep ;
She prayeth all alone, the while
Her babes at home securely sleep ;
Their brother loved to see her smile—
She would not they should see her weep ;
Youth's rightful joys she will not dim
With tears—not even tears for him !

But now, when eve is calm and bright,
You see her here, and not alone—
Her children, in the sweet blue light,
Are with her by the sculptured stone ;

With her they share a soothing sight,
Yon scarce-stirred bark—the only one—
Almost as still, on that still tide,
As unrocked cradle by her side.

Bland omen doth that vessel bring—
“As smoothly sails his vessel now!”
And mark how hope and fondness cling
Around the elder maiden's brow;
The while on that dear younger thing,
Too young to frame itself a vow,
The mother thoughtful hand doth lay,
And timely teacheth how to pray!

As homeward now their way they trace,
Their bosoms own no anxious smart;
For they have seen that blessed face,
And felt how SHE can calm impart,
Who, though in heaven's supremest place,
Bears, as on earth, a woman's heart;
And know that SHE will guard him—She!
Mother of Him who walked the sea!

And if at last those hopes deceive,
Yet be our reasoning scorn repress;
Nay—since 'tis sweet to those who grieve,
To dream of comfort and of rest—

Forgive them, if they do believe,
And, leaning on that Mother Blest,
Link earth below to heaven above
By tender ties of human love.

J. KENYON.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

Quick! to the Port! adown the seaward stair
Are laid rich tissues for a bridal guest:
Yon merry gondolier, whom seeks he there,
With gilded oar, and prow with garlands
dress'd?

The Flower of Venice! Princes sued to wear
That maiden rose:—and on a stranger's breast
She folds her sweetness! Hasten! he hath been
Too bold, too blest, to bear her forth unseen!

So! in truth a noble brow,
Manly form, and gracious bearing,
With a joyful glance, and daring!
Such a gallant wight, I vow,
Maiden would not leave despairing.
Who hath seen him—Cousin, thou?—
Strange! that he hath come and gone,
While his gay emprise pursuing,
Hidden thus from all but one!—
For a love not lightly won,
Say, was e'er such secret wooing?

None may count how many moons
 Watched him, when the West breathed
 coolly
From the hills of steep Friuli,
Gliding o'er the dim lagoons.
Well he knew what shadow falls,
 Shine the star-gleams ne'er so brightly,
Slanting from those lofty walls
 Where the singer, shrouded nightly,
Poured his love in madrigals.

Many a fancy-stricken dame
 Threw her opened lattice wide,
Wondered whence the music came ;
 Whose that winning foreign tongue,
 Whose the peerless praise it sung,
Listening through the gloom, and sighed
Wishes she had blushed to name !
 Now that shade is lost in shine,
Say what wandering hopes and sweet
Yonder bridal train may cheat—
 Cousin, what a blush was thine !

The bride descends : below one dainty foot,
 Trusted to air, the ready boat lies heaving.
What if her eyelids droop, her voice be mute !
 Love's blessing cheer thee, Flower of Venice !
 leaving

Home, kindred, country! Bitter sweet the fruit
Of thy long-cherished passion! nursed by
grieving,
Vexed by strong fears; and dashed with bod-
ings dim,
Even in the hour which yields thee all to him!

To him! whose hand upholds thee! To his prize
He clings, a living type of rapture, glowing
All hope, and pride, and tenderness, in eyes
That seeing thee see heaven!—and gaily
shewing

Yon restless bark, that waits but ere she flies
For her sweet freightage, seems a Genius,
wooing [fond,
Thy heart from its faint fears and memories
To a new life of joy that shines beyond!

Pale she looks, but passing fair;
Such a mein the bride should wear:

Fitly tended, too, behold
Sour Lorenza's prudish care;
Saints! methinks she fain would scold,
Thinking shame that youth should dare
Such a virgin hand to hold!

Nay! 'tis well the forward page
Mocks her primness—yonder maiden,

Eyes that turn to seek the strand,
Parting becks, and waving hand.

But the sire—can he refrain,
When his favourite's foot is pressing
Steps she may not tread again,
From one look, one word of blessing?
Well-a-day! 'twas hard to yield
Her, that only brightest daughter;
Thus his ireful heart was steeled;
Thus she pined with love concealed,
While the threatened stranger sought her:
And to give the long-denied,
Death alone could wring from Pride!

Oh, fold her gently to thy heart! for thee,
Strange anguish hath she borne, for one so
weak!
Be kind! she leaves, beyond a homeless sea,
The tombs her heart in solitude must seek!
Be all to her!—all lost unless she be
Paid by thy love for his thou mad'st her
break,—
The household charm—the mystery that en-
dears
The conscious scene of all her smiles and
tears!

And now unmoor ! the painted galley springs,
As the swart rowers brush the hissing foam ;
The sail is spread : Oh ! happy be the wings
That speed the Rose of Venice from her
home !

Where evermore, the gondolier that sings
By Lido's wall, or white St. Mary's dome,
Will count from year to year how many sighed,
The day that Adria lost her sweetest bride !

J. R. CHORLEY.

THE SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

'Twas when the fight was nobly won,
That, deafened by the cannon's roar,
I leaned, a proud but wearied one,
Against a lonely cottage door.
Who brought clear water from the pool,
To wash my brow, all battle-red ?
Who poured the wine so old and cool,
And pledged with me our glorious dead ?
'Twas brave Jeanette ?—
My heart had ne'er been touched till then ;
But seasons change, and so will men.

There was a broad and amber moon,
—The like we ne'er shall see again,—
That, leaning from the heaven of June,
Lit our light shallop down the Seine.
Rememberest thou, my tender soul,
Who nestled 'neath this sinewy arm?
The kiss—the curl thy rover stole?—
And still he wears it for a charm.

My soft Elise!—
My heart was never moved till then;
But seasons change, and so will men.

That was a night—our General's fete!
(Ay, bless him, all French hearts and true!)
Those ripe red cheeks, I see them yet;
They meet me now, those eyes of blue!
My gallant lass, who poured the wine,
My moon-lit trembler—where were they,
As, clasping two small hands in mine,
I sighed, and swore to love alway?

O bright Amande!
My heart was never caught till then;
For seasons change, and so will men.

A. C. J.

TO LADY ASHLEY.

LOVELY Lady, prithee tell me,
Whither stray those upward eyes?
Are they star-gazing?—Then spell me
Thy happy fortunes in the skies.

Call that deep ethereal blue
The stainless Heaven of thy mind;
Those stars, that gleam and glitter through,
The thousand fancies there enshrined.

Liken those planetary fires,
Moving in pomp around the sun,
To thy bright hopes and pure desires,
That in their path of duty run.

And what is that fine shooting light,
Bright for a moment—and now gone—
What but a bliss that took its flight
Ere we could say that it was born!

Do we regret that mists of Earth
At times o'er that fair dome are driven?
Do we not rather hail their birth,
As messengers 'twixt Earth and Heaven—

The spirits of soft cloud-land, tending
The footsteps of their fair Queen Moon—
Wreathing around her brow, and blending
Their forms, to heighten her full noon?

Such are the earth-bred hopes and fears
That float athwart thy mental sky,
Turning at last to sighs and tears,
That soften while they beautify.

Now, Lady, bid thy thoughts return;
Thy spirit's home is on the earth:—
However it may pant and yearn
To mingle in celestial mirth—

Travel on every air that blows,
Pay evening visits to the Moon,
Or make the stars its playfellows,—
It is at HOME on Earth alone.

D. L. O.

TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

This dog was given to the Author by Miss Mitford, and is of the race which she has rendered famous among English readers.

LOVING friend, the gift of one,
Kindly who her faith hath run
 Through thy lower nature ;
Be my benediction said,
With my hand upon thy head,
 Gentle fellow-creature.

Like a lady's ringlets brown,
Flow thy silken ears adown
 Either side, demurely,
Of thy silver-suited breast
Shining out from all the rest
 Of thy body, purely.

Underneath my stroking hand
Startled eyes of hazel bland
 Kindling,—growing larger,—
Upward, upward, dost thou spring,
Full of prank and curvetting,
 Rearing like a charger !

Leap! thy broad tail waves a light,—
Leap! thy slender feet are bright,
 Glittering in their fringes;
Leap! those tasselled ears of thine
Flicker strangely, free and fine,
 Down their golden inches.

Yet, O pretty, playful friend,
Little is't for such an end
 That I praise thy rareness:
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in those tasselled ears,
 And that glossy fairness;

But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed,
 Day and night unweary;
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam cleft the gloom
 Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
 Beam and breeze resigning—
This dog, friend-like, waited on,
Knowing that, when light is gone,
 Love remains for shining.

Other dogs, at sweep of horn,
Barked along the shivering corn
Till the game was started;—
This dog only, all the day,
Patient by a pillow lay,
Watching the sad-hearted.

Other dogs of faithful cheer
Followed close the whistle clear,
Up the woodside hieing;—
This dog only watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech,
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double,
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Stroking and reposing
Down his ears, and o'er his head,
With an open palm, he laid
Afterward, his nose in.

Therefore to this dog will I
Tenderly, not scornfully,
 Render praise and favour :
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said,
 Therefore, and for ever.

And because he loved me so,
Better than his kind will do
 Often, man or woman,
Give I back more love again
Than dogs often have of men—
 Leaning from my Human.

Mock I thee in wishing weal?—
Rather could I weep to feel
 Thou art made so straightly !
Blessings needs must straighten too,
Little canst thou joy and do,
 Thou who lovest greatly.

Yet be blessed to the height
Of all dream and all delight
 Pervious to thy nature ;
Only loved beyond that line,
Worthily of love of thine,
 Loving fellow-creature !

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed :
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roof of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

LONGFELLOW.

WORDS.

WORDS, household words, that linger on,
 When household love is past,
 And keep our childhood's tender tone
 About us to the last ;
 Like pleasant streams that murmur yet,
 Of valleys far and green,
 And make the pilgrim's heart forget
 The deserts spread between :
 For sin and sorrow have no part
 In that bright Ennoe of the heart.

Words, words of hope—oh, long believed
 As oracles of old !
 When stars of promise have deceived,
 And beacon-fires grown cold ;
 Though still upon Time's stormy steeps
 Such sounds are faint and few,
 Yet oft from cold and stranger lips
 Hath fallen that blessed dew,
 That like the rock-kept rain remain'd
 When many a fairer fount was drain'd.

Words, words of love,—the ocean pearl
 May slumber far and deep,
 Though tempests wake or breezes curl
 The wave that hides its sleep ;

So deep in Memory's hidden cells,
The winds of Life pass o'er
Those treasured words whose music swells
Perchance for us no more :
But, Memnon-like, its echoes fill
The early ruined temples still.

Words, mighty words, we see your power
Where'er the sun looks down
On forest tree or fortress tower,
Or desert bare and brown ;
The power that by old Tiber's wave
Could rouse the Roman ire,
And wake to war the Indian brave,
Beside his council fire,
Or cull the flower of Gothic shields
To find their rest in Syrian fields.

And yet that power is with us still,
To wake the waves of strife,
Or breathe in tones of love that thrill
The sweetest chords of life :
But if from mortal lips are poured
Such spells of wondrous might,
What glorious wisdom filled his word
Who spake—AND THERE WAS LIGHT !
Well may that mighty Word restore
The morning of the world once more.

FRANCES BROWN.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

THE Moon's full splendour on the waveless sea ;—

A towering lily sleeping in the light,
Lull'd by the music of the honey-bee ;—

A rose, dew-laden, bending to the night,
Faint with a sense of its own ecstasy ;—

A proud, white lotus, floating on a lake ;—
A tall magnolia ;—a violet—small—

But so intensely sweet, that it doth take
The full sense like a passion ;—Lady, all
That I behold, of calm, rich, natural grace,
Disturbs me less with joy than gazing on that
face.

All blessings be upon thee, Lady ! though

They cannot make thee richer than thou art.
Need we wish peace for one who ne'er can know

Its opposite ? Ask calmness for a heart,
Calm as the deepening light of summer eves,
Or sound of rills that, o'er their pebbled way,
Murmur, harmonious with the rustling leaves,

A soft quietus to the fading day ?
Call melody to lips that only meet
To breathe forth sounds, so musically sweet
That all the honied syllables they say
Dance to the heart like marriage bells in May ?

What spirit in thy bosom's rise may dwell—
What the bright forms that animate thy sleep,
Or minister by day, or lend their spell
To guard those eyes from sorrow when they
weep—
What fit expression for the dreams that lie,
Shrined in the light (that we must FEEL, not
SEE),
Brightening the world of passion in thine eye;—
All these are things that Poesy defy,
To put them into words—yet cannot die,
But live for ever!—Beauty is but breath:
These are immortal—beautifying Death!

ANON.

SONG OF THE GERMAN WEAVER.

BY FREILIGRATH.

GREEN grow the budding blackberry hedges;
What joy! a violet meets my quest!
The blackbird seeks the last year's sedges,
The chaffinch also builds her nest.
The snow has from each place receded,
Alone is white the mountain's brow;
I from my home have stole unheeded;
This is the place—I'll venture now;
Rubezahl!

Hears he my call? I'll boldly face him!

He is not bad! Upon this rock
My pack of linen I will place him—

It is a right-good, heavy stock!
And fine! yes, I'll uphold it ever,
I' th' dale no better's wove at all—

He shows himself to mortal never!
So courage, heart! once more I call;
Rubezahl!

No sound! Into the wood I hasted,
That he might help us, hard bested!
My mother's cheeks so wan and wasted—

Within the house no crumb of bread!
To market, cursing, went my father—
Might he but there a buyer meet!
With Rubezahl I'll venture rather—

Him for the third time I entreat!
Rubezahl!

For he so kindly helped a many,—

My grandmother oft to me has told;
Yes, gave poor folks a good-luck penny,

Whose woe was undeserved, of old!
So here I sped, my heart beats lightly,
My goods are justly measured all!

I will not beg,—will sell uprightly!
Oh, that he would come! Rubezahl!

Rubezahl!

If this small pack should take his fancy,
Perhaps he'd order more to come!
I should be pleased! Ah, there is plenty
As beautiful as this at home!
Suppose he took it every piece!
Ah, would his choice on this might fall!
What's pawned I would myself release—
That would be glorious! Rubezahl!
Rubezahl!

I'd enter then our small room gaily,
And cry, "Here father's gold in store!"
He'd curse not; that he wove us daily
A hunger-web, would say no more!
Then, then, again would smile my mother,
And serve a plenteous meal to all;
Then would huzzah each little brother—
Oh, that he would come! Rubezahl!
Rubezahl!

Thus spake the little weaver lonely,
Thus stood and cried he, weak and pale.
In vain! the casual raven only
Flew o'er the old gnome-haunted dale.
Thus stood he, whilst the hours passed slowly,
Till the night-shadows dimmed the glen,
And with white quivering lips, said lowly,
Amid his tears, yet once again,
"Rubezahl!"

Then softly from the green-wood turning,
He trembled, sighed, took up his pack,
And to the unassuaged mourning
Of his poor home went slowly back.
Oft paused he by the way, heart-aching,
Feeble, and by his burden bowed.
—Methinks the famished father's making
For that poor youth, even now, a shroud!
Rubezahl!

MARY HOWITT.

ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY.

ANOTHER Star hath set:—though long declining
Upon the verge of Life's horizon, we
In his effulgence darkened watched him shining:
Until hope, gazing toward him mournfully,
Deemed she might yet his light emerging see.
It was a wish unjust, a thought unweighed;
His spirit burns among us undecayed;
And who would live in earthly bonds confined,
Eclipsed in darkness the immortal mind?
Had he not acted on life's busy stage,
The tutelary spirit of his age?
Historian, bard, philosopher was he:
Who hath not gathered wisdom from his page,
And truth in all its sunlike purity?
Then blessed be his earthly pilgrimage!

But he had higher, nobler wreaths than those
Given or withheld by ever-changeful Fame ;
He was the good—the just ; and virtue throws
Her evergreen round Southey's deathless
name !

J. E. READE.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and storm abide ;
Small friendship for the lordly throng ;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight ;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite ?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heav'nly light,
In circles of eternal flame ?

The lips, as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade ;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed,
The convent's charity, was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose ;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth ;

Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth ;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth ;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime ;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time ! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou ;
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now :
Before his name the nations bow :
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

M. PARSONS.

LIFE IS REAL.

LIFE is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
" Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Most royal lady, on thy face I look,
And gather thence, as from some holy book
Of mingled history and prophecy,
The future fate of England. Thy clear eye—
Clear and serene as some deep Alpine lake—
Speaks of a steadfast soul, tutor'd to take
No note of time or change, to own no ill,
To let no troubles touch, no pleasures fill
Thy woman's breast, save as they point the way
To that loved people's welfare, whom thy sway
Has fill'd with new-born hopes of coming good,
Greater than all that past on which their memories brood.

That brow,—more fair in its simplicity
Than when it glow'd in crowned majesty,
Glitt'ring with gorgeous gems—that lofty brow—
Tells of high thoughts, that lift thy spirit now—
Now that thou art a Queen—above the strife
Of earth-born passions,—making thy young life
The living type of a new-waking dawn,
To countless generations yet unborn.
That mouth, in its proud beauty, speaks of power
To curb those fair affections, the sweet dower
Of all thy sex, save only her whose fate
Calls her to wear the round of sovereign state.

Sad eminence!—What can its cares reward?
The wife's fond passion—the dear friend's regard—
The mother's tender hopes—the daughter's duty—
All that consummates woman's mental beauty,
All must be yielded up with brow serene:
Merging wife, mother, daughter, in the crowned
Queen!

I. TAYLOR.

BURIAL AT SEA.

“HORELESS as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, loved tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.”

T. MOORE.

FAME.

Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!—
Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there;
A name that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place!

T. MOORE.

A SIMILE.

As the ample Moon
In the deep stillness of a summer even,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own;
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene: Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit, Virtue thus

Sets forth, and magnifies herself; thus feels
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the incumbrances of mortal life;
From error, disappointment,—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

WORDSWORTH.

THE BRIDE.

LIKE a slight young tree, that throws
The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
Is the human heart, as a mountain spring,
That works its way thro' the torrent's foam,
To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!
It is well!—The cloud, on her soul that lay,
Hath melted in glittering drops away.
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!
She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire,
Mother! on earth it must still be so,
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

F. HEMANS.

THE FORSAKEN.

Oh, misery! to see the tomb
Close over all our world of bloom ;
To look our last in the dear eyes
Which made our light of Paradise ;
To know that silent is the tone
Whose tenderness was all our own !
To kiss the cheek which once had burned
At the least glance, and find it turned
To marble ; and then think of all,
Of hope, that memory can recall.
Yes, misery ! but even here
There is a somewhat left to cheer,
A gentle treasuring of sweet things
 Remembrance gathers from the past,
The pride of faithfulness, which clings
 To love kept sacred to the last.
And even if another's love
Has traced the heart to us above
The treasures of the east, yet still
There is a solace for the ill.
Those who have known love's utmost spell
Can feel for those who love as well ;
Can half forget their own distress,
To share the loved one's happiness.

But, oh, to know our heart has been,
Like the toy of an Indian queen,
Torn, trampled, without thought or care,
Where is despair like this despair!

L. E. L.

HEAVEN.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years;
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all!

T. MOORE.

CANST THOU FORGET ME?

CANST thou forget me, unforgotten one?
 Canst thou forget
The beauty of the earth,—the brightness of the
 sun,
The flowers whose summer lives were just begun,
 When we two met?

Was it our own rejoicing souls which threw,
O'er land and sky, that strangely glorious hue?
For ne'er have I, since that remembered hour,
Seen the same beauty on earth, sky, or flower!

Canst thou forget how dear that hour was
deemed

By thee and me?

How strangely fateful, yet how brief it seemed,—
How sweet—how passing sweet the dream we
dreamed,

If dreams they be

Which have so strong a power o'er heart and
brain

To make life lovely, or a path of pain!

Dreams are unreal—therefore call these not
Dreams which thus beautify or cloud our lot!

Canst thou forget me—thou whose fervent heart
To mine addressed

Words far too pure to be the words of art,
Too fond, too trustful, to be coined to smart
A loving breast!

No lot hath woman—unforgotten one!

So dark, so desolate, so deeply lone,

As when a heart that vowed a faith like thine
Learns to forget.—Oh, can that lot be mine?

Canst thou forget the prayers I've prayed for
them,

The thoughts I've poured
Forth from my trusting breast, all fearlessly,
To cheer thee in thy home beyond the sea,

When dark fate loured?
Is this forgotten as a bygone tale?
Is man's deep heart so fickle, and so frail?
Is memory given to my true breast alone?
Canst thou forget me—unforgotten one?

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There rays divine disperse the gloom :
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven !

ANON.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

It matters little at what hour o' the day
The righteous falls asleep ; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die ;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven ;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

MILMAN.

THE DESERTED HALL.

——THE gloom

Of a deserted banquet-room :—
To see the spider's web outvie
The torn and faded tapestry ;—
To shudder at the cold damp air,
Then think how once were blooming there
The incense-vase with odour flowing,
The silver lamp its softness throwing
O'er cheeks as beautiful and bright
As roses bathed in summer light ;—
How through the portals sweeping came
Proud cavalier and high-born dame,
With gems like stars 'mid raven curls,
And snow-white plumes and wreathed pearls ;—
Gold cups, whose lighted flames made dim
The sparkling stones around the brim :—
Soft voices answering to the lute,
The swelling harp, the sigh-waked flute ;—
The glancing lightness of the dance ;—
Then, starting sudden from thy trance,
Gaze round the lonely place and see
Its silence and obscurity :
Then commune with thine heart and say,
These are the foot-prints of decay,—
And I, even thus, shall pass away.

L. E. L.

MORN AT SEA.

'Tis glorious on the waters, (when young morn,
Shows in the golden east his rosy face,
Laughing to see night's swift retreat,) to trace
Our path midst spray and foam, like blossoms
torn [thorn
From the green hedgerow, when May clothes the
In robes of purest white. With rapid race
The light sail coyly flies the wind's embrace,
Eager to be pursued the while. As corn
Bends to the Autumn breeze, so bends the mast ;
While like a sportive dolphin seems my boat ;
And I, Arion on his back, may float,
And glimpse the mermaids as we hurry past,
Peering into the depths ; where broken rocks
Protect sea flowers to deck their braided locks.

W. J. A.

A LAST SONG OF SUMMER.

On! queenly fair Summer, thy beauty fades
fast,
Thy flowers are all withered, thy glory is past ;
And low in the woods, with the dead leaves
around, [sound,
And the winds breathing o'er thee a desolate
In tears thou art lying.

Oh! queenly fair Summer, thy worshippers all
Have fled and foregone thee,—right merry in
hall

Their laughter is ringing;—ah! little I trow
Do they ponder how, lonely beneath the bare
bough,

Unwept thou art dying.

The voices that hymned thee so gaily of yore,
The happy bird-voices, their music is o'er,—
Save the robin's, who singeth of Winter with
glee,

And the rook's, who caws loud on the storm-
shaken tree,

As he flaps his dark pinion.

There are voices, but savage and wild ones, alas!
The roaring of rivers, as foaming they pass,
The plashing of rain, and the groan, deep and
low,

Of the oak, as his giant limbs toss to and fro
'Neath the wind's strong dominion.

Oh! queenly fair Summer, fierce Winter, ere
long,

Will sweep o'er the hills with his turbulent
throng

Of blasts and rough hail storms, and finding thee
there,
Will freeze thy warm blood with his icy fixed
stare,
And laugh as thou diest.

And when thou art dead, with a false look of
woe,
He will wind thee perchance in a death sheet of
snow,
And calling around him that turbulent throng,
They will howl forth a requiem, dreary and long,
O'er the grave where thou liest.

But heed not, fair Summer, sleep softly awhile,—
Sleep softly, and dream of the sun's loving smile ;
They rule not for ever, that stern companie—
Old Winter, one day, shall lie crownless like
thee,
Time-wasted and hoary.

Oh ! heed not, and weep not, sleep softly awhile,
And still in thy dreams feel the sun's loving
smile ;
When those dreams are all ended, thy waking
may show
The sun on thy face, and the earth singing low,
And the birth of thy glory.

T. WESTWOOD.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

THEY tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom ! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er—
That through those fringed lids we see the soul
Steeped in the blue of its remembered home ;
And while thou sleep'st come messengers, they
say,

Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I see
Upon thy baby lips that smile of Heaven !
And what is thy far errand, my fair child ?
Why away, wandering from a home of bliss,
To find thy way, through darkness, home again ?
Wert thou an untried dweller in the sky ?
Is there betwixt the cherub that thou wert,
The cherub and the angel thou may'st be,
A life's probation in this sadder world ?
Art thou, with memory of two things only,
Music and light, left upon earth astray,
And by the watchers at the gate of heaven,
Looked for with fear and trembling ?

God ! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world, whose darkling
paths

I tread with steps so faltering—leave not me
To bring her to the gates of Heaven, alone!
I feel my feebleness. Let these stay on—
The angels who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow, till in death
The closed eyes look upon thy face once more!
And be the light and music, which the world
Borrows of Heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her lost steps to thee.

WILLIS.

THE LOVED OF EARLY DAYS.

THE loved of early days!
Where are they?—where?
Not on the shining braes,
The mountains bare;—
Not where the regal streams
Their foam-bells cast—
Where childhood's time of dreams
And sunshine past.

Some in the mart, and some
In stately halls,
With the ancestral gloom
Of ancient walls;

Some where the tempest sweeps
The desert waves ;
Some where the myrtle weeps
O'er Roman graves.

And pale young faces gleam
With solemn eyes ;
Like a remembered dream
The dead arise ;
In the red track of war
The restless sweep ;
In sunlit graves afar
The loved ones sleep.

The braes are bright with flowers,
The mountain streams
Foam past me in the showers
Of sunny gleams,
But the light hearts that cast
A glory there
In the rejoicing past,
Where are they ?—where ?

R. MILLER.

SONNET.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE
RAILWAY.

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement
sown

In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were
blown,

Must perish: how can they this blight endure?
And must he too his old delights disown

Who scorns a false utilitarian lure

'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?

Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrest-
head

Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance!

Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance

Of nature; and if human hearts be dead,

Speak passing winds, ye torrents, with your
strong

And constant voice, protest against the wrong!

WORDSWORTH.

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

TAKE ye the world — thus, from his height
sublime,

Jove spake to men—take it, my boon is free ;
'Tis marked your heritage through endless time,
Share it, like brethren, lovingly.

Quick hies the busy race, athirst for gain ;
To seek their portion young and old repair :
The tiller took the fields and golden grain ;
The huntsman tracked the forest lair ;

The merchant garners all his varied store ;
The abbot claims the juice of purple hue ;
The king has barred the stream and highway
o'er,
And cries, “ A tenth of all is due.”

Ah ! last of all—too late—each part assigned,
From some far distant scene the poet came ;
No vacant spot his wandering glances find,
No soil but owns a master's name.

“ Oh ! woe is me ! for all thy gifts abound,
And portionless thou leavest thy faithful
son ! ”

Thus while his loud laments to heaven resound,
He fell before th’ eternal throne.

“ If in the land of dreams, and Fancy’s reign,
Fondly thou lingerest, then reproach not me ;
Where wert thou, Bard, when every share was
ta’en ? ”

“ I was,” the poet cried, “ with thee !

“ My ravished eye thy glorious face surveyed,
My rapt ear drank the music of the skies !
Forgive the soul by ecstasy betrayed,
That lost earth’s dull realities ! ”

Then thus the Ruler, from his lofty throne :—

“ Content thee, Poet ! thou hast failed to
share

One portion girdled by the aqueous zone ;
Take undivided empire of the Air ! ”

ANON.

AN APRIL HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of good—dear God!—thou that dost
make

The sap to flow,
And, safe from floods, the snowdrop's trance
dost wake,

Far 'neath the snow,
Why o'er the heart still leavest thou to break
Rivers of woe?

It must be that the heart offendeth thee—

That there is wrong
Somewhere in secret, which no eye can see,
Some sin too strong—

Thou that hast Friend and Father been to me,
My poor life long!

A soul of sorrow liveth in the flowers

That seem so glad;
It floats and breathes along the lustrous hours,
As if it had

A privilege immortal, which empowers
To make me sad.

I must have wandered from the one bright way
 So early taught,—
The sense of transport could not else decay,
 Which thou hadst wrought
Into the eternal spirit of this clay
 With each spring thought !

Well I remember how I thrilled, to mark
 The soft hours roll,
That brought the violet to my lonely ark !—
 I near life's goal ;
But that Old Spring is past,—and ye are dark,
 My Days of Soul !

'Tis well to be a mourner,—well to feel
 My glad hope die ;
And sicken at the tears that daily steal
 O'er the dimmed eye,
If this strong desolation should reveal
 Where my sins lie.

Oh ! tenderest chastener ! whom in love, not fear,
 I dare adore,
Offending whom, I have no comfort here
 On this green floor !
Forgive ! or when the flowers are on their bier,
 Wake me no more !

E. L. MONTAGU.

THE NAMELESS RIVULET.

“ WE met within a Highland glen—
Where, wandering to and fro
Amid the rushes and the broom,
A pilgrim thou didst go.
Tripping betwixt thy gowany banks
I heard thy tinkling feet,
While with thy solitary voice
The primrose thou didst greet.

Then, nameless stream, I imaged thee
A pure and happy child,
Whose soul is fill'd with guileless love,
Its brain with fancies wild;
Which wanders 'mid the haunts of men,
Through suffering, care, and fear,
Pouring its waking thoughts and dreams
In Nature's faithful ear!

Like brothers, streamlet, forth we fared,
Upon a July morn,
And left behind us rocky steep,
And mountain wastes forlorn.

Where'er thy murmuring footsteps stray'd,
Along with thee I went;
Thy haunts were Nature's fanes, and I
Was therewith well content.

Adown by meadows green we roved,
Where children sweet were playing,
We glided through the glens of green,
Where lambkins fair were straying.
We linger'd where thy lofty banks
Were clad with bush and tree,
And where the linnet's sweetest song
Was sung to welcome thee.

Then came the forest dark and deep;
As through its shade we went,
The leaves and boughs, with foliage bowed,
Were with thy waters blent.
And through the leafy vale the sun
Fell lone and fitfully,
To kiss thy waves, that from the hills
Came flowing on with me.

And when we left the wild-wood's shade,
From fields of ripened grain
The reapers' song came sweetly down,
And thine replied again.

Away we went by hut and hall,
Away by cottage lone,
Now lingering by a patch of wood,
Now moving heedless on!

Where praying monks had been we passed,
And all was silent there,
Save when thy voice the echoes waked,
Which heard the hermit's prayer.
We passed by thickets green and old,
By craggy rocks so steep,
And o'er leaf-shadowed waterfalls,
We cheerily did leap.

And then a spot upon us burst,
Where hills on either side
Rose up, all clad in coppice-wood,
Which rock and steep did hide.
And now we loiter lazily
Beneath the setting sun;
My journey ends when starlight comes—
Thine is not well begun!

Now, Highland streamlet, ere we part,
Which didst thou love the best
Of all we've seen since, silently,
We left thy Highland nest?

Lovest thou best the meadow green,
Or Highland valley grey?
Or lovest thou best, by hazel braes,
At eventide to stray?

Or dost thou love where forest trees
Thy little waves are laving?
Or wealthy fields, where golden grain,
Ripe, to the sun, is waving!
The rustle of thy fleet foot
Upon my ear doth fall—
Thou stream, like this full heart of mine,
Dost dearly love them all!

Without a name, and all unknown,
Fair streamlet, though thou art,
Be still unchristen'd! but I'll keep
Thy murmurs in my heart.
My story of thy pilgrimage
Will to the careless tell
How much of love and beauty in
Unnoted things do dwell."

ROBERT NICOLL.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The past and present reunite,
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town,
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
Oh! gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden trees
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy angels
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep, to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the close blinds, the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder
Of the ancient patriarch's dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves,
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth, the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
But it seemed not so to me,
For in my heart I prayed with him,
But still I thought of thee.

But now, alas, the place seems changed ;
Thou art no longer here ;
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep rooted in my heart,
Like pine trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

LONGFELLOW.

THE POET'S GIFT.

Oh ! guard the Poet's gift—an eye
Of purified and searching light—
A heart of sacred mystery,
And inward springs of deep delight.

Oh ! guard the Poet's gift— a lyre
That thrills with strange and wandering chords,
Yet can a richer bliss inspire
Than ever yet was breathed in words.

Oh ! guard the Poet's gift—a shrine
Of unseen worship—music high,
Yet clear, exalted, and divine—
An altar kept for Deity.

The world's cold winds must not come there—
Where flowers of Paradise unfold ;
No cheerless doubts, no wildering care,
No mammon worship dark and old.

For there doth Wisdom keep his hoard,
And fancy revel clear and bright ;
With every noble feeling stored,
That inward world is all of light.

For nature's hymn is singing there,
For ever solemn, ever sweet ;
And, far away, the clouds of care
Refuse those joyous strains to meet.

Then guard the Poet's sacred gift,
Through every change—in every scene—
O'er life's dull cares thy heart to lift
To faith sublime, to hope serene ?

And strike in holy trust thy lyre—
For day by day, and year by year,
The notes shall thrill with purer fire,
“ And sweeter music charm thine ear.”

F. HORNBLLOWER.

SONNET.

With sails expanding to the gales of hope,
My venturous bark pursued her leading star;
Hers was a voyage of no common scope,
A voyage of discovery, distant far!
To bright Invention's intellectual clime,
In search of useful arts, 'twas mine to roam.
I reached the object of my views sublime,
And, richly freighted, bore my cargo home:
My friends expectant fill the crowded strand.
But ere I gain the shore what storms arise,
My vessel founders e'en in sight of land,
And now a wreck upon the beach she lies! -
With firm unshaken mind that wreck I see,
"Nor think the doom of man should be reversed
for me."

E. CARTWRIGHT.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

A POPULAR LEGEND.

FAINT and listless in its cradle
Lies the babe, nor sleeps a wink,
Will not bear to eat a morsel,
Will not ope its lips to drink.

Ah! its mother is departed
And the lips it loved are still,
Lips that sang it into slumber,
Numb the breast it seeks and chill.

Yesterday the gloomy bearers
Carried forth her bier from home;
Now the unthinking weeper's finger
Beckons one who may not come.

And the hour of dusk is coming,
Yet no more the babe can sleep;
By the door, with soundless gliding,
Lo! a woman's form doth sweep.

Waving white, a gauzy mantle
Falls the silent one to hide;
Sure she once hath known the chamber,
Now she's by the cradle's side.

There she rocks the child to slumber,
Singing low no mortal tone;
Thrice she kissed and thrice she crossed it,
Bent to bless it and was gone.

Seven days in dusky gloaming
Came that silent one again,
Stilled the child's distress and weeping,
Lulled with song its waking pain.

When the eighth gray eve was falling,
Still and mute the child was found;
Snowy white and crimson roses
Had its cradle decked around.

In the weird night, dumb with sorrow,
Bear they off the babe to rest,
To her new-made grave, and lay it
Close beside its mother's breast.

ANON.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

TINTADGEL bells ring o'er the tide!
The boy leans on his vessel side,—
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.

“Come to thy God in time!”
Thus saith their pealing chime:
“Youth, manhood, old age, past,
“Come to thy God at last!”

But why are Bottreaux' echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill:—
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
Come to thy God in time!
Should be her answering chime,—
Come to thy God at last!
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea,
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored—
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.
“Come to thy God in time!”
Rung out Tintadgel chime—
“Youth, manhood, old age, past,
“Come to thy God at last!”

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells;
“Thank God!” with reverent brow, he cried,
“We make the shore with evening's tide!”

Come to thy God in time !
It was his marriage chime :—
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell must ring at last !

Thank God, thou whining knave, on land !
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,
The captain's voice above the gale,—
Thank the good ship and ready sail !
Come to thy God in time !
Sad grew the boding chime :
Come to thy God at last—
Boomed heavy on the blast !

Uprose that sea ! as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal word !
What thrills the captain's whitening lip ?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
Come to thy God in time !
Swung deep the funeral chime—
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
Come to thy God at last !

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,
That fearful judgment of the deep !

Come to thy God in time!
He read his native chime:—
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell rung out at last!

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux' waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells that sullen surges hide
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide,
Come to thy God in time!
Thus saith the ocean chime,—
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
Come to thy God at last.

R. S. HAWKER.

THE BECALMED.

Bound in a dull unbroken sleep—
A ship upon the wave
Where chained wind and stagnant deep
Defy the bold and brave,—
Held,—fettered as by viewless hands
That bind, but not deform,
The silent heart in ruin stands—
A wreck without a storm!

The billows' play is curbed and pent,—
The air hath not a sound;
Salvation's foot, in mercy sent,
Hath here no pathway found.
But Anguish at the helm stands pale,
And Misery at the prow,
And sighs are here the only gale
That speeds the eternal—Now!

Hour after hour its passage takes;
Suns rise—and set again;
No welcome cloud in showers down-breaks
On the parched lip of pain.
And will is strong,—and power is weak,—
And Love hath feeble sway;
And there are plague-spots on the cheek
With none to kiss away!

No prayers to life or motion urge
That calm, but dreadful, wave;
And Hope—whose breast had smoothed the
surge,
Finds here no fabled grave.
But Doubt with cautious step draws near,
And fills the cup of care,
For lips too passionless for fear—
Too lifeless for despair.

Thus, powerless, on the tide of Time,
Steered by an useless chart,
Sickening in Life's unhealthful clime,
Floats the quelled human heart.
Oh! well such heart may lift its cry
From that worst deep to save—
That hopeless, tearless agony—
That sea without a wave!

E. L. MONTAGU.

THE HOPE OF THE AZTECS.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE FROM PRESCOTT'S
" CONQUEST OF MEXICO."

It was a glorious dream that hung
Around that race of old;
By kings believed, by poets sung,
By saint and seer foretold:
The sage amid his mystic lore,
The monarch in his hall,
And the weary peasant waited for
That promised hope of all—
The God, whose presence early blest
The children of the golden West.

His coming brightened childhood's hour,
And crowned the hope of youth ;
And manhood trusted in the power
Of its unquestioned truth ;
And eyes, upon whose light had fallen
The mists of time and tears,
At Death's dark portals lingered on,
To see those glorious years,
Which to their life and land should bring
The blossoms of eternal spring.

But children grew to toiling men,
And youths' bright locks grew grey,
And from their paths of care and pain
The aged passed away ;
And many an early shrine grew cold,
And many a star grew dim,
And woods grew dense, and cities old,
Yet still they looked for him ;
But never breeze or billow bore
That glorious wanderer to their shore.

At last, when, o'er the deep, unfurled
They saw the first white sail
That ever sought the western world,
Or wooed the western gale,
How did the Golden Land rejoice,
And welcome from the sea,
With all a nation's heart and voice,
Her wandering deity !

But knew not that she hailed, with joy,
The mighty only to destroy.

But who was he that mingled thus
With all a nation's dreams,
And on the monarch's memory rose,
And in the poet's themes ?
Was it the child of some far land,
The early wise and bright,
Who shed upon that distant strand
His country's gathered light ?
Or wanderer from some brighter sphere,
Who came but could not linger here ?

Was it some shadow, vainly bright,
Of hope and memory born,
Like those that shed a passing light
Upon the world's grey morn ;
Whose dreamy presence lingers still
By old and ruined shrines,
Or flits, where wandering Israel
For her Messiah pines ;
For ages, as they went and came,
Have brought no dimness to that dream ?

And even amid our fainter faith,
How long, and oh, how far,
A thousand weary hearts look forth
For some unrisen star :

But all these vainly yearning dreams
That haunt our path of gloom,
May be but voices from the climes
That lie beyond the tomb;
Telling of brighter, better things,
Than ever blest our earthly springs.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE GUELDER ROSE.

THOU full-blown comely creature,
Say, what is thy sudden stound,
That flushes thy cheek's white feature,
In the guise of Love's own wound!

Wert thou but of human fashion,
Like me, with a burning heart,
I'd say 'twas the tint of passion,—
Yet cold as ice thou art.

“ I may have no heart within me,
I may be ice-cold quite;
Yet joy would a cheek-flush win me,
As longing doth paint me white.

“ To Earth, my fond mother, I'm fleeting,
And Death is to lead the way;
I think of his yesternight's greeting,
And blush for delight to-day.”

ANON.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

“ HIGH thoughts !

They come and go,

Like the soft breathings of a list'ning
maiden,

While round me flow

The winds, from woods and fields with
gladness laden :

When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—

When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—

When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,

Watch over all with soft and loving eye—

While the leaves quiver

By the lone river,

And the quiet heart

From depths doth call

And garner all—

Earth grows a shadow

Forgotten whole,

And Heaven lives

In the blessed soul !

High thoughts !

They are with me

When, deep within the bosom of the forest,

Thy morning melody

Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest,

When the young sunbeams glance among the
trees—

When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—

When every branch has its own favourite bird,
And songs of summer, from each thicket heard!—

Where the owl flitteth,

Where the rose sitteth,

And holiness

Seems sleeping there ;

While nature's prayer

Goes up to heaven

In purity,

Till all is glory

And joy to me !

High thoughts !

They are my own

When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown

The huts and homes where humble virtues
blossom :

When I can trace each streamlet through the
meadow—

When I can follow every fitful shadow—

When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne :

Where blue-bell and heather

Are blooming together,

And far doth come
The Sabbath bell
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of Nature's heart:
Heaven is before me—
God thou art!

High thoughts!

They visit us

In moments when the soul is dim and
darkened;

They come to bless

After the vanities to which we hearkened:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit—
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sun-
shine,

A winged thought, which bids us not repine?

In joy and gladness,

In mirth and sadness,

Come signs and tokens:

Life's angel brings

Upon its wings

Those bright communings

The soul doth keep—

Those thoughts of Heaven

So pure and deep!"

R. NICOLL.

LINES.

THEY speak of thee as one whose mind
 Is careless as a child at play,
 Of thought untroubled, unconfined,
 For ever wild, for ever gay :
 They tell me of thy joyous voice,
 Thy sparkling wit, thy ready smile ;
 They bid me in the tale rejoice,
 Nor mark how cold my brow the while.

* * * * *

And thou with them so blest canst be ?
 And thou art happy with the gay ?
 The past seems all delight to thee,
 The future—brilliant as to-day ?
 Would they believe me if I told
 That I have seen thy starting tear,
 Have heard thee secret woes unfold,
 And mourn, when others could not hear ?

'Tis better thus—be wild—be gay ;
 I'd have thee sad to only one :
 How should I feel to know that they
 Had seen thee weep as I have done ?

LOUISA COSTELLO.

BOOKS.

Books! sweet associates of the silent hour,
What blessed aspirations do I owe
To your companionship—your peaceful power
High and pure pleasure ever can bestow,—
Of noble ones I trace the path through life,
Joy in their joys, and sorrow as they mourn;
Gaze on their Christian animating strife,
And shed fond tears o'er their untimely urn;
Or, with heroic beings tread the soil
Of a freed country, by themselves made free,
And taste the recompence of virtuous toil,
The exultation of humanity.

F. HORNBLOWER.

A WORD IN SEASON.

THEY have a superstition in the East,
That ALLAH, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper:
Holding that any scrap which bears that name,
In any characters, its front imprest on,
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss

With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves; for they are not like
us,

A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So I have known a country on the earth,

Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil and dearth,
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters;

And yet, where they who should have oped the
door

Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent the Book, in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks

God's living image ruthlessly defaces:
Their best high churchman, with no faith in
works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places.

The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse,
 (They curse all other men, and curse each
 other,)
Walks through the world, not very much the
 worse—
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE HAREEM.

BEHIND the lattice closely laced
 With filagree of choice design,—
Behind the veil whose depth is traced
 By many a complicated line,—
Behind the lofty garden-wall
 Where stranger face can ne'er surprise,
That inner world her all-in-all,
 The Eastern woman lives and dies.

Husband and children round her draw
 The narrow circle where she rests;—
His will the single perfect law—
 That scarce with choice her mind molests,

Their birth and tutelage the ground
And meaning of her life on earth,
She knows not elsewhere could be found
The measure of a woman's worth.

If young and beautiful, she dwells
An idol in a secret shrine,
Where one high-priest alone dispels
The solitude of charms divine.
And in his happiness she lives,
And in his honour has her own,
And dreams not that the love she gives
Can be too much for him alone.

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
Above the scent of lemon groves,
Where bubbling fountains woo the wind,
And birds make music of their loves,
She lives a kind of faery life,
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
Unconscious of the outer strife
That wears the palpitating hours.

And, when maturer duties rise
In pleasures' and in passions' place,—
Her duteous loyalty supplies
The presence of departed grace ;

So hopes she by untiring faith
To win the bliss, to share with him
Those glories of celestial youth
That time can never taunt nor dim.

Thus is the ever closed hareem,
As in the open western home,
Sheds womanhood her starry gleam
Over our being's busy foam.
Through latitudes of varying faith,
Thus trace we still her mission sure,
To lighten life, to sweeten death,
And all for others to endure.

Then let the moralist, who best
Honours the female heart that blends
The deep affections of the West,
With thoughts of Life's sublimest ends,
Ne'er to the Eastern home deny
Its lesser, yet not humble praise,
To guard one pure humanity
Amid the stains of evil days.

R. M. MILNES.

THE BELEAGURED OAK.

HARK! how the winds, among the giant boughs
 Of the old oak, are raging; to and fro
 They toss his skeleton limbs, and howl the while,
 As if in mockery of his changed estate:
 Fain would they rend his noble heart asunder,
 And hurl his lowering grandeur in the dust;
 But he defies them. Stubborn in his strength,
 He groans but yields not. He bethinks him too,
 Perchance, how soon swift Time will give him
 back

The glory of his prime:—ah, then the winds
 Will float around him with an altered tone,
 Will sing sweet melodies the livelong day,
 And nestle softly through the starry hours
 Amongst his curtaining foliage;—then, a host
 Of merry birds will greet him evermore
 With their glad lays, till all his young green
 leaves,

All the quick pulses of his mighty frame,
 Thrill with delight;—then, summer skies will
 shower

The golden sunlight on his head by day,
 The silvery dew by night, and men will rest
 Safe-sheltered from the sultry noon-tide glare
 Beneath his broad deep shade: so is he strong,
 So, steadfast to withstand the tyranny

Of the rude blast. And so the peasant, doomed
To toil from morn till eve on the bleak hills,
Doth brave the sufferance, and with manly soul
Bear up against the present weariness,
By thinking of the hour when he shall see
The light—not of the glorious stars in heaven—
But the faint ray, the beacon of his rest,
From his cottage lattice gleaming. On his ear,
In the pauses of his labour, oft doth fall
The welcoming voice of his true-hearted wife,
Or the shrill laughter of his little ones.
He sees the ruddy blaze of his warm hearth,
Feels the sweet sunshine of the smile of home,
And cheered and strengthened by those joys to
come,
Turns, with blythe spirit, to his task again.

T. WESTWOOD.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

SEVEN dreary winters gone and spent,
Seven blooming summers vanished too,
Since on an eager mission bent,
I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years I will not say;
They cannot be by words renewed—
God wash their sinful parts away!
And blest be He for all their good.

With even mind and tranquil breast,
I left my youthful sister then,
And now in sweet religious rest
I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
How pleasing is a sight like this?
To see that bark, with canvass furled,
Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart that still,
By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids its owner feel
The warmth of nature and of God.

Still be his care in future years
To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from foundless hopes or fears,
Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,
And life's long shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister heard at last,
When her pure hands are raised for him !

GERALD GRIFFIN.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN
MINISTER.

LET the great nations mingle!—England, thou
To thy freed child extend a smile of love,
On her proud march with joy behold her move,
And midst the kingdoms raise her youthful brow!
And thou, America! in arts and arms
Revere thy mother!—read her scrolls of fame,
The high descent of many a stainless name,
Of heroes formed 'mid danger's wild alarms,
Of martyrs, statesmen, poets.—Still may come
Thy sons with kindly welcome to our shore,
Still will we hail the wind that wafts them o'er,
And with regretful blessing speed them home—
Charmed in their noble virtues, still to trace
The purity and pride of England's race!

F. HORNBLOWER.

THE VIOLET'S WELCOME.

THE world hath a welcome yet for thee,
Thou earliest born of flowers!—
Though many a golden hope was gone,
And dream that lighted her rosy dawn,
Ere the toil of these latter days came on;

And her weary children's steps have strayed
From their first green dwelling in the shade
Of Eden's blessed bowers,
Too far to find on our earth a track
That yet might guide the wanderers back.

But still from her bright youth's memory comes
A voice to welcome thee :—
It sounds in the song of the early bird,
Through waking woods by the south winds
stirred,
When the steps of the coming Spring are heard ;
It bursts from the heart of childhood, clear
As a stream from its native fount, that ne'er
Was aught but bright and free,
And feared no future winter's frost,
Nor the sands where mightier waves were lost.

And we, who look from the lattice pane
Or the lowly cottage door,
On lengthening eves and budding trees,—
As comes thy breath on the day's last breeze,
Bringing its dew-like memories
To the heart of toil and the brow of care,
Through the clouds which time hath gathered
there,
From green haunts sought no more,
But ever known by the light that lies
Upon them from life's morning skies,—

We know thy home, where the waving fern
With the moss-clad fountain chimes ;
But we greet thee not with the joy of yore,
When our souls went forth to meet thee, o'er
Far hills which the earliest verdure wore :—
We have hoped in many a spring since then,
But they never brought to our hearts again
Those vanished violet times,
With their blooms, which it seemed no blight
could mar,—
The early shed and the scattered far !

Gather them back, ye mighty years,
That bring the woods their leaves !—
Back from life's unreturning streams—
Back from the graves that haunt our dreams,
And the living lost, from whose lips our names
Have passed—as the songs of greener bowers
And the tones of happier years from ours,—
From all the faith that cleaves
To the broken reeds of this changeful clime,
Gather them back, restoring Time !

Alas ! the violets may return,
As in Springs remembered long ;
But for us Time's wing can only spread
The snows that long on the heart are shed,
Ere yet their whiteness reach the head !

162 ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Thou comest to the waste and wold,
But not, like us, to grow sad and old,—
Wild flower of hope and song!
We bless thee for our childhood's sake,—
For the light of the eyes no more to wake,—
For memories green as a laurel crown,
That link thee to dreams like stars gone down,
And the spots we loved when our love was free,—
Each heart hath a welcome yet for thee!

FRANCES BROWN.

ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING
SPIRITS?

We see them not—we cannot hear
The music of their wing—
Yet know we that they sojourn near,
The angels of the spring!

They glide along this lovely ground
When the first violet grows:—
Their graceful hands have just unbound
The zone of yonder rose!

I gather it for thy dear breast,
From stain and shadow free,
That which an angel's touch hath blest
Is meet, my love, for thee!

R. S. HAWKER.

SILENT LOVE.

I KNEW her home, and often passed that way,
Sure as the sun performed his course each day ;
Then at her lattice, beaming like the morn,
I saw the maid that made my heart forlorn ;
Though by this heavenly hope the spell was
reared,

Our mutual prudence declaration feared ;
Yet could I mark her straining, longing eyes,
Beam like twin stars through partly-shrouded
skies.

Scoff not—for years I still pursued this art,
In hopes to wile the angel to my heart ;
In hopes to meet, to breathe the latent spell,
And if unkind, to sigh and say farewell ;
Such things, I said, have been, and still may be—
And so I sighed—no man e'er loved like me !

O ! if the gods live on ambrosial food,
By mortals named, nor seen nor understood—
So hope unseen by any eyes save mine,
Fed my young heart with nutriment divine ;
Reared me to feel with glowing soul of joy,
The charms of love though otherwise a boy.
The cup was sweet, I drank its deepest drop,
And still relied on never-dying hope.—

O hope! thou sweet deceiver of the world!
Thy banner is too temptingly unfurled—
How many seek thy phantom form to trace,
Till sorrow clouds the sunshine of the face!
Led on and on by thy delusive sway,
Till youth and beauty languish both away—
Till undeceived, we murmur but in vain—
For who can turn to youth's gay morn again?
Ah me! if I should own thy sov'reign power,
Who dares to blame? See buds in every bower,
Whose lives are like to man's, a fleeting day—
Nursed up in hope to blossom and decay!
Reared by the dewy smiles of laughing morn,
Behold the rose adorn its native thorn,—
At mid-day throwing forth its rich perfume,—
At evening bending sadly o'er its tomb,
Yet in its death a fragrance leaves behind,
Like retrospective thoughts within the mind!



She was a child when first our glances met,
Now womanhood upon her brow had set;
Still looked she lovely, lovelier than before!
A creature every eye might well adore,
At least I thought so—love may have the power
To make the meanest weed appear a flower,—
Look through a medium always soft and kind,
Like distant landscapes pictured on the mind!

Love gazes through a focus of its own,
To other eyes unseen and all unknown;
So, if she still was lovely to my eye,
What should I care though all her charms decry,
I scarcely wished that other eyes should see
Her chastened worth. No man e'er loved like
me!

JAMES WILSON.

HOME OF THE ABSENTEE.

THE gardens feed no fruits nor flowers,
But childless seem, and in decay;
The traitor clock forsakes the hours,
And points to times—oh, far away!
And the steed no longer neigheth,
Nor paws the startled ground;
And the dun hound no longer bayeth;
But death is in all around!
All is gone: save a voice
That never did yet rejoice:
'Tis sweet and low: 'tis sad and lone:
And it biddeth us love the thing that's flown.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE NAUTILUS.

LIGHT as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward, from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.

MONTGOMERY.

VICTORY.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away
On a little mound Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall."
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his
plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 " You're wounded : " " Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, sire ! " And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

R. BROWNING.

WRITTEN AFTER SPENDING A DAY AT
 WEST POINT.

WERE they but dreams ? Upon the darkening
 world
 Evening comes down, the wings of fire are furl'd,
 On which the day soar'd to the sunny west :
 The moon sits calmly, like a soul at rest,
 Looking upon the never-resting earth ;
 All things in heaven wait on the solemn birth
 Of night, but where has fled the happy dream
 That at this hour, last night, our life did seem ?
 Where are the mountains with their tangled
 hair,
 The leafy hollow, and the rocky stair ?
 Where are the shadows of the solemn hills,
 And the fresh music of the summer rills ?

Where are the wood-paths, winding, long, and
steep,

And the great, glorious river, broad and deep,
And the thick copses, where soft breezes meet,
And the wild torrent's snowy, leaping feet,
The rustling, rocking boughs, the running streams,
Where are they all? gone, gone! were they but
dreams?

And where, oh where are the light footsteps gone,
That from the mountain-side came dancing
down?

The voices full of mirth, the loving eyes,
The happy hearts, the human paradise,
The youth, the love, the life that revelled
here,—

Are they too gone?—Upon time's shadowy bier,
The pale, cold hours of joys now past are laid,
Perhaps not soon from memory's gaze to fade,
But never to be reckoned o'er again,

In all life's future store of bliss and pain.
From the bright eyes the sunshine may depart,
Youth flies—love dies—and from the joyous
heart

Hope's gushing fountain ebbs too soon away,
Nor spares one drop for that disastrous day,
When from the barren waste of after life,
The weariness, the worldliness, the strife,
The soul looks o'er the desert of its way
To the green gardens of its early day;

The paradise for which we vainly mourn,
The heaven, to which our lingering eyes still
turn,
To which our footsteps never shall return.

F. BUTLER.

THE WOUNDED GREEK.

Nor where the Dorian song arose
Triumphant o'er the bold and brave—
'Twould shake the dead from their repose;—
No! tread not near their dust—thou slave!—
For, where the Spartan swords have shone,
Where glory's banner met the breeze,
Each field should be a Marathon!—
Each warrior a Miltiades!

Think—think of that heroic time
When Thebes sent forth her Sacred Band!—
And is it not the same proud clime—
The same beloved immortal land?—
Oh, this should be a thought to speed
Her fettered sons to freedom,—this
Might call a spirit forth to lead,
Like that which led at Salamis!

Yêt, hark!—a voice from shore to shore
Now swells and gathers like a tide;
The swords are drawn which never more
Shall rest till Moslem power hath died!
The reddening sun of morning glows
On spear and banner—crest and shield;—
The shock and shout of battling foes
Burst like a whirlwind o'er the field!

But, ah! the stirring sounds that move
The warrior's soul to proud emprise,
Turn faint the watching hearts of love;—
Make dim the fond and anxious eyes:—
The stormy close—the severed line—
The bickering sabres' deadly sweep—
Rifle the rose from beauty's shrine;
And matrons tremble while they weep!

Fast—fast the turbaned tyrant quails
Before a youthful leader's might;—
Till 'neath the bolt of combat fails
That arm—the beacon of the fight!
Whilst, round the wing of conquest soars—
Whilst fame and freedom nerve each band—
Oh, how his gallant soul deplores
His useless sword—his powerless hand!

A mournful wife before him kneels—
A sister's love his arm entwines;—
But not—oh, not for these he feels—
His heart is with his bannered lines!—
Nor wife—child—sister—yet may turn
His thirsting spirit from that goal;
No tears may quench the fires that burn
Deep in his young and patriot soul!

From all, with one “farewell,” he speeds,
And bears within his last brave hand
The hallowed cross for which he bleeds—
The standard of his native land!
Still foremost!—Still on high it rose!
Till far and wild the clarion blown,
Told Hellas' triumph o'er her foes,
And Turk and crescent overthrown!

With myrtle bind the warrior's brow,
And bid Olympic garlands wave;
Let wine the wreathed goblet flow,
In honour of the young and brave!
And sound the lyre, as when of old
It sang the conquests of the free!—
The ancient pæans of the bold!—
The glorious meeds of victory!

C. SWAIN.

THE RABBI'S JEWELS.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent;
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the
wife

And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words, preventing, did begin:
“ Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I most so now: for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich precious gems they were;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels which he left, away.
What think you? shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to
see

Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee.”

“What question can be here? Your own true
heart

Must needs advise you of the only part;
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long.”

“Good is the word,” she answered: “may we
now

And evermore that it is good allow!”
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one
bed,
Two children pale, and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.

ANON.

TO A LADY,

GAZING ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

LADY—the earnest smiles of living light
That kindle on thy lips, and in thine eyes,
At the fair landscape which surrounds thee,—
skies,
Groves, glades, and fountains,—all that fairy
sight

Of beauty and of bliss,—will take their flight,
And vanish with the scene from whence they rise.
Not so their secret influence. When youth flies,
Ceasing to spread its mantle of delight
O'er this mysterious world--that sight shall seem
Like the remembered face of a dead friend,
To smile on thee from Heaven. It shall blend
With thy best thoughts, and, like a happy dream,
Repeat its silent music, till the stream
Of thy pure life hath reached its peaceful end.

Gaze on, then—gaze thy fill! These silent shows
Of all-sufficing Nature, speak with voice
More eloquent than books, bidding rejoice,
With purest joy, the heart that wisely knows
To trust them. As Life's rapid river flows,
In sunshine or in shade, be but its course
Through scenes where Art has not put rude di-
vorce

Between thy heart and Nature's, sweet repose
Shall ever be within thee and about,—
Smiling away all ills. The rabble rout
Of the world's vulgar pains, and vapid pleasures,
Shall never dare approach thee; while new
treasures

Of thought and feeling, to thy pure soul given,
Shall change this fair earth to another Heaven.

ANON.

HOME.

SPRUNG from an immemorial mountain throne,
The snow-fed infant Rhone
Looks upward to a mother's eyes ;
The melting glacier, gazing on her own,
Inprints her azure dyes.

Vain were the thousand ventures to awake
Beside the desert lake,
The sleeping Fountain of the Nile ;
Those dying footsteps, sandall'd for her sake,
Found rest by reeded isle.

What gold doth she dissolve at last, and pour
Along the Memphian shore !
And thou, luxuriant Nile of Gaul,
Thou hast thine overflow of wine—a store
Of plenty—" corn" for all.

But ye are neither—no—so clear, so pure,
So secret, so secure,
So holy as an English mother's home :
Less fruitful your endeavours, they endure
Less hours—less riches come.

Yet ah ! their daily flow, and safe increase,
In season will not cease ;

They hold less joyfulness, but still the same ;
And home—how oft, alas ! save in the peace
Above—is but a name.

Home is possession at the highest cost—
Keen edge the sooner lost—

Yet who would welcome dearth
For fear his plenty should be famine-cross'd ?—
Be God beside my hearth !

R. E. A. TOWNSEND.

THE MILKMAID.

THE rosy light of morning
Is flushing o'er the hill,
And through the leafy woodland
The song-birds' matins thrill ;
Like pale ghosts from the dawning
The night-fogs steal away,
And nature smiles all glorious,
To hail the rising day.
The freshest hours and brightest,
Like the childhood of our life,
Like gay youth's busy fairy land,
Where joys and hopes are rife ;

Like the best things and the fairest
That God e'er gives to earth,
Which tremblingly we love, and see
Death's seal upon from birth,—
Are fleeting quickly from us,
With none to heed nor care,
Nor swell the mighty hymn of praise
That fills the morning air.

But hark ! amid the valleys
Resounds the milkmaid's song,
As her foot is lightly brushing
The dew and flowers among.
No classic beauty in her face,
No curving lip to tell
That at Agincourt or Cressy
Her lordly fathers fell ;
That at the sepulchre of Christ,
Or under Acre's walls,
Their bones had whiten'd in the sun,
Far from their native halls.

Her ancestors were yeomen stout,
Who, with the good yew bow,
To battle at their lord's behest
Right gallantly would go ;
And bravely bled, and fought and fell,
But fell without a name,
Amid the unknown thousands
That build one captain's fame.

In peaceful times they guarded sheep
On many a grassy lill,
And acres broad within the vale
The milkmaid's kindred till.

And when for fourscore winters drear,
And golden summers, they
Have sown the seed, and reap'd the corn,
And gather'd in the hay,
When life's long-working day is o'er,
They've laid them down to rest
In hope, undamp'd by subtle doubts,
Of walking with the blest.
And the same bells that gaily peal'd
Upon their marriage-morn,
Now tolling tell the villagers
That dust to dust is borne ;
That vacant is the oaken chair,
Beside the hearth at e'en ;
That no more in the house of God
The grey head will be seen.

Such is the maiden's ancestry ;—
As light she trips along,
The fragrant banks and waving woods
Give back her artless song.
And the green linnet 'mid the boughs,
And blithe lark in the sky,
Seem each provoked to join the tune
In very sympathy.

M. HARRISON.

LINES

FOR THE FIRST LEAVES OF AN ALBUM.

LET this Album, bright-soul'd maiden,
Be an emblem of thy life ;
Let not its fair leaves be laden
With a single thought of strife.

Let no vain, unreal sorrow
Blur the beauty of the page ;
No unknown, unborn " to morrow"
Lend to youth the hue of age.

Empty wishes—eager throngings
Of vague hopes that cry for food ;—
Ever-anxious, restless longings
After absent, distant good :

From all these, and all who bring them,
Shut thy life, and seal thy book ;
From thy soul, like shadows, fling them ;
Banish them by one bright look.

Here all pleasant fancies hover—
All that at once are bright and brief :
The raptures of the happy lover,
But not a jot of his fond grief.

The wit (if you can chance to find it),
Where good nature points the dart ;
The wisdom that, when bright thoughts bind it,
Softens, but saddens not the heart.

Nay—let e'en nothings find a place,
If they are prettily disguised ones :
He who says nothings with a grace,
Is worth a score of would-be-wise ones.

Nor let the pencil's magic art
Be wanting to complete thy pages :
That can more vivid thoughts impart
Than all the pens of all the sages ;—

That can lend forms to thy fair book
The pen alone could compass never ;
That can arrest the fleeting look,
And fix the fugitive for ever.

ANON.

IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF THE SONNERBERG.

THOU who within thyself dost not behold
Ruins as great as these, though not as old,
Can'st scarce through life have travelled many
 a year,
Or lack'st the spirit of a pilgrim here.
Youth hath its walls of strength, its tow'rs of
 pride,
Love its warm hearth-stones, hope its prospects
 wide,
Life's fortress in thee held these one and all,
And they have fallen to ruin, or shall fall.

F. BUTLER.

THE MINSTREL'S DEATH-SONG.

It was on Hasting's fated plain
 The red sun low'ring rose,
The viewless choosers of the slain
 Waiting the day's dread close.

The Saxons stood in firm array,
Tough as their forest oak,
With glaive and bill, whose deadly sway
Needs not a second stroke.

Their limbs were cast in giant frame,
Their shaggy brows all bent,
And Harold, of victorious fame,
Led the bold armament :

He who waged battle for his crown,
A short seven days before,
And smote fierce Norway's monarch down
On Welland's crimson shore.

Like a steel rampart, silently
They stood their King around,
As men prepared to win or die,
But yield no inch of ground.

Our stern Duke, hight the Conqueror,
Exclaimed, " A gallant show !
Ha, Northmen ! by the mace of Thor,
We meet a well-matched foe
At last ; a joy worth battling for,
Which none but Northmen know."

Then forth into the van-ward space,
Which narrowed now amain,
Spurred out a knight of noble race,
Betwixt the battles twain.

It was the minstrel Taillefer,
Of the old Berserkir blood,
Rapt on that day, as all might swear,
In his ancestral mood.

His barbed charger's tramp kept time,
As on firm earth it rung,
Unto the antique Runic chime
Of the death-song that he sung.

Room there, ho! for Taillefer,
In the throng of sword and spear.
First-fruits of this noble field,
He hath vowed him under shield,
Self-devoted, here to die,
Pledge of hard won victory.—
Die! maintaining well the fame
Of the bold Berserkir name.
Grandsires of my valiant sire,
Arms of steel, and hearts of fire,
Foremost ay on field and flood,
Tameless at the scent of blood.
Champions of the Northmen's line,
May your fame, your fate, be mine!

Room there, ho! for Taillefer;
Comrades! let him claim his share
In the glories of this morn,
Theme for minstrels yet unborn.
Forward! honour lies before us.
Chaunt ye now in stormy chorus,—
Harold! would that it might be
My proud fate to fall by thee!
By true honour's rival zeal,
By the love which brave men feel
To the brave, I greet ye well.
Strive ye which shall bear the bell.
Foemen! your good swords prepare!
Room there, ho! for Taillefer,
Champions of the Northmen's line,
May your fame, your fate, be mine!

A deafening shout was the reply,
The ranks prepared to close;
He spurred his steed triumphantly,
And plunged amid the foes,
And left and right, with main and might,
He dealt his trenchant blows.

They closed upon the self-doomed dead
With spear and falchion-sway;
Soon gashed and gored from heel to head,
War-horse and horseman lay,
A foretaste of the banquet red
Shared by grim death that day.

Thus perished in his dauntless mood
This noble bard and chief ;
The birth-right of his genuine blood
Were worth a royal fief ;
A solace still in good or ill,
In joyaunce or in grief.

JOHN HUGHES.

THE FLORAL LOVE-LETTER.

AN exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing billets-doux
In buds, and odours, and bright hues,—
Of saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest way.
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where billets-doux repose 'em !
How charming, in some rural spot,
Combining love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers,
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange-tubs and beds of pansies ;

One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhetoric of carnations ;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach !
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos !

A letter comes, just gathered. We
Doat on its tender brilliancy ;
Inhale its delicate expressions
Of balm and pea ; and its confessions,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush
As ever morn bedewed in bush ;
And then, when we have kissed its wit
And heart, in water putting it
To keep its remarks fresh, go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground ;
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose, and of violet,
And little darling (mignonette) ;
And gratitude, and polyanthus,
And flowers that say, " Felt ever man thus ?"

Our friend, the Albanian, in the print,
Is clearly thinking, that by dint
Of his explanatory roses
(Spite of some doubts his look discloses),

And of his true heart and his musket,
He and his bonny bride will busk it.
His doubt is but a doubt of pleasure,
To see his mistress take her leisure ;
Or, if of graver modesty,
'Tis but a gallant heart's ; for see !
His hand's already at her side,
Ready to clasp with joy and pride.
He reads her smile, he reads his bliss,
With those love-swimming eyes of his ;
And thinks of those most rosy hours,
When lips will supersede the flowers.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE MOURNER.

HALF unbelieving doth my heart remain of its
great woe ;
I waken, and a dull dead sense of pain is all I
know.

Then dimly in the darkness of my mind I feel
about,
To know what 'tis that troubles me, and find
my sorrow out.

And hardly with long pains my heart I bring
Its loss to own :
Still seems it so impossible a thing
That thou art gone—

That not in all my life I evermore,
With pleased ear,
Thy quick light feet advancing to my door
Again shall hear—

That thou not ever with inquiring looks
Or subtle talk
Shalt bring to me sweet hinderance 'mid my
books
Or studious walk—

That whatsoever else of good for me
In store remain,
This lieth out of hope, my child, to see
Thy face again.

ANON.

A MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING
YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
“ Caw ! caw ! ” the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe !
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll !
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, “ Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray ! ”

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray,
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he sayeth,—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—
“ Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!”

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
“ Vex not his ghost!”

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson! LONGFELLOW.

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Oh! breezy harp! that with thy fond complain-
ing,
Hast held my willing ear this whole night long:
Mourning, as one might deem, yon moon, slow
waning,
Sole listener oft of thy melodious song.

Sweet harp ! if hush'd awhile that tuneful sorrow,
Which may not flow unintermitted still,
A lover's prayer one strain less sad might borrow,
Of all thou pourest at thine own sweet will.

Now when—her forehead in that pale moon
gleaming,—
Yon dark-tressed maid beneath the softening
hour,
As fain to lose no touch of thy sad streaming,
Leans to the night from forth her latticed
bower ;

And the low whispering air, and thy lone ditty,
Around her heart their mingled spells have
wove ;

Now cease those notes awhile that plain for pity,
And wake thy bolder song, and ask for love.

ANON.

POESY.

WILT thou come, and sit with me,
Sweet companion, Poesy ?
We will seek some quiet scene,
That thou lovest—where the green,

Overarching boughs have made
Coolest twilight with their shade ;
Where the golden-pinioned beam
'Mongst the enwoven leaves doth gleam,
In its idlesse working out
Shining tracery all about ;
Where, like music in a dream,
Murmureth soft the rippling stream ;
Where the small bird, timidly,
Chirpeth low, in flitting by,
And the very wind doth take
Gentler measures so to make
Harmony with all things there ;—
Wilt thou seek this refuge fair ?
Wilt thou come, and sit with me,
Sweet companion, Poesy ?

I am weary of the sound,
That doth compass me around ;—
Weary of the strife and toil ;
Weary of the vain turmoil :
False and empty seems to me
All this worldly pageantry,
And I long to free again
From the clasping of its chain,
My worn spirit, that doth sigh
For the calm, pure founts, that lie
Underneath thy halcyon sky.

Come, and thou shalt weave me there,
With the sunlight and the air,—
With the whispering secrecies
Of the winds and waving trees ;—
With the odours, rich and rare,
That to thee a tribute are ;
With the silvery sound, that wells
From the ringing lily-bells
With all voices, as they rise,
All sweet, pastoral melodies,
All calm breathings of the earth,
Rapid utterances of mirth,
And her plaintive wailing too,
When she weepeth tears of dew,
And the rayless gloom doth lie
On her glory mournfully ;—
With all these, and more than these,
With thy subtlest phantasies,
Thou shalt weave a web so fine,
Of such workmanship divine,
That no gross, dull thought, I ween,
Shall have power to glide between,
No discordant worldly din,
Break the tranced calm within.

T. WESTWOOD.

RECOLLECTION.

ROUND yonder watch-fire's blaze the muleteers
In circle close.—The leader of the throng,
Fluent and fast, to never sated ears
The tale recites, or chants the Arab song,—
Wild stanzas, strange adventures. Loud and
 long
The applause resounds, as each invented
 sleight
Of magic art, or fate of Afrite strong
By Genii quelled in preternatural fight,
Fills, as the story rolls, each breast with fresh
 delight.

He little thinks, the tale he loves to tell,
Which cheats his willing comrades of their
 rest,
Through many a midnight hour defrauds as
 well,
In foreign garb and other language dressed,
Of slumber's boon the children of the West;
How many a sad or vacant mind the page,
With the same legendary lore impressed,
Has cheered, assuaged life's ills through every
 stage,
Given youth one smile the more, one wrinkle
 snatched from age.

For not alone beneath the palm-tree's shade
Amid the nargile's ascending cloud,
Does Eastern fiction dwell, or Scherezade
Dispense her favours to the listening crowd.
All ranks, all nations at her shrine have
bowed ;

The pictured forms her lively pencil drew
Please in all climes alike ; and statesmen
proud

In grave debate have owned her lessons true,
Finding that ancient lamps sometimes excel the
new.

Far other task meanwhile for me delays
The needful gift of well-earned sleep's repose ;
The beam that from my tremulous cresset
plays,

Its light upon the sacred volume throws.

Oh ! who in distant climes the rapture knows,
E'en on the spot of which the tale is told,
To mark where Tabor frowns or Jordan flows.
To feel at morn our steps shall print the mould
Where Gideon pitched his camp or Sisera's
chariot rolled !

Such rapture ours, when, on Esdraelon's plain,
Tabor in front and Jezreel left behind, [again
By Kishon's source we pitched. Oh ! ne'er
Shall joys, of power like these to fill the mind,
Rise in the civilized haunts of human kind.

How went I forth to watch the shivering ray
On Carmel's crest; to hear upon the wind
The jackal's howl; or rippling sounds betray
Where Kishon's ancient stream rolled on to
Acre's bay.

How, to our tents when morning's moisture
clung,
Our memory turned to that oracular dew
From the full fleece which pious Gideon
wrung!
'Twas here perchance that Israel's champion
knew
The sign which spoke his high commission
true;
Down yonder vale perhaps, by Kishon's ford,
Towards the slumbering heathen's camp he
drew
His chosen hundreds, silent—till the sword
Flashed to the frightened skies, of Gideon and
the LORD.

LORD FRANCIS EGERTON.

TRUE MEN.

THE wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
Subject to every doubt that can retard
Or fling it back upon an earlier time ;
So timid are man's footsteps in the dark,
But blindest those who have no inward light.
One mind, perchance, in every age contains
The sum of all before and much to come ;
Much that's far distant still ; but that full mind,
Companioned oft by others of like scope,
Belief, and tendency, and anxious will,
A circle small transpierces and illumines :
Expanding, soon its subtle radiance
Falls blunted from the mass of flesh and bone.
The man who, for his race might supersede
The work of ages, dies worn out—not used,
And in his track disciples onward strive,
Some hairs' breadths only from his starting-
point :

Yet lives he not in vain ; for if his soul
Hath entered others, though imperfectly,
The circle widens as the world spins round,—
His soul works on while he sleeps 'neath the
grass.

So, let the firm philosopher renew
His wasted lamp—the lamp wasted not in vain,

Though he no mirrors for its rays may see,
Nor trace them through the darkness;—let the
hand,

Which feels primeval impulses, direct
A forthright plough and make his furrow broad,
With heart untiring while one field remains ;
So, let the herald poet shed his thoughts,
Like seeds that seem but lost upon the wind.
Work in the night, thou sage, while Mammon's
brain

Teems with low visions on his couch of down ;—
Break thou the clods, while high-throned vanity,
'Midst glaring lights and trumpets, holds its
court ;—

Sing, thou, thy song amidst the stoning crowd,
Then stand apart, obscure to man, with God.
The poet of the future knows his place,
Though in the present shady be his seat,
And all his laurels deepening but the shade.

R. H. HORNE.

THE BULL FIGHT.

THE Andalusian maids are dancing
Round and round to a merry tune ;
Their eyes, like bright black beads, are glancing
Dark meanings underneath the moon :

And many a youth, and many a maid,
Are loitering in the chesnut shade,—
Lovers all,—each gentle heart
Trembling with its tender pain,
And struggling to conceal the smart
In vain,—in vain!

The bounding foot, and the castanet,
And the word that lights the eyes of jet,
(The gentle sweet love-laden word,)
Alone are in the greenwood heard;
Nought else:—and, in a swift hour, they
Like faery dreams have passed away.
Even the moon hath ta'en her rest
In her chamber in the west,
And darkness lies on vale and hill,
And Silence,—and the world is still!
Hush,—hark! what spoils a scene so fair?
What noise comes bellowing through the air?
Alas! a week of "sports" has flown,
And mute is now each wild bull's tone.
Some that knew where Darro sings,—
Some where white Nevada springs,
Soaring to the unclouded sky,—
All in goar and gashes lie!
One alone,—the best, they say,
That ever held a knight at bay,
Remains till now. Two bolder foes
Never met in bloody close:

One, all calm and like a knight;
The other, furious for the fight:—
A blow!—he turns it with his horn,
And eyes his foe with seeming scorn:
Another!—ha! the blood doth run
Down the stout champion's hide of dun:
It marks his course upon the sand:
It leaves its red on Juan's hand.
What care! his horned head he lowers,
And pauses to regain his powers.
His hate is roused: another close
Shews us how well matched the foes:
Again they meet. Ha, Juan falls;
And now the wild-tongued clarion calls,
And in affright they smite the drums;
For full of wrath the wild bull comes!
He rushes on:—Now, Juan, strength!
Death is before thine eyes at length.
Be still;—he's safe! See, see,—his knife
Has found the Andalusian's life!
Right through his heart the steel hath sped;
And Tormes,—he is with the dead!

* * * * *

Sound!—O'er Seville's guarded ground,
The wild war-thundering trumpets sound!
Sound!—Twice—thrice—With savage mouth
They rend the air, from North to South!

"The Bull is slain! the sports are done!
Dark Juan hath the battle won!"—
'Tis so:—the mountain king is dead!
A rope is round his curled head:
His tongue is lying on the sand,
Foaming white! On either hand,
A thousand eyes are strained in fear,
To see a hero on his bier
Laid at last, in bloody pride,
Without a mourner by his side!

Sound!—A warrior should not die
Without music sounding high.
Man or brute (whate'er the name,)
If he have deserved his fame,
Give him honour! give him glory!
Place him high in after story,—
Amongst those who've fought and won
Victory, underneath the sun!

BARRY CORNWALL.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUTHS LEAVING THE ACADEMY
AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.

LIFE is before ye—and while now ye stand
Eager to spring upon the promised land,
Fair smiles the way, where yet your feet have
trod

But few light steps, upon a flowery sod;
Round ye are youth's green bow'rs and to your
eyes

Th' horizon's line joins earth with the bright
skies;

Daring and triumph, pleasure, fame, and joy,
Friendship unwavering, love without alloy,
Brave thoughts of noble deeds, and glory won,
Like angels, beckon ye to venture on.

And if o'er the bright scene some shadows rise,
Far off they seem, at hand the sunshine lies.
The distant clouds which of ye pause to fear?
Shall not a brightness gild them when more
near?

Dismay and doubt ye know not, for the power
Of youth is strong within ye at this hour,
And the great mortal conflict seems to ye
Not so much strife as certain victory—
A glory ending in eternity.

Life is before ye—oh! if ye could look
Into the secrets of that sealed book,
Strong as ye are in youth, and hope, and faith,
Ye should sink down, and falter, “ Give us
death!”

Could the dread Sphinx’s lips but once disclose,
And utter but a whisper of the woes
Which must o’ertake ye, in your lifelong doom,
Well might ye cry, “ Our cradle be our tomb!”
Could ye foresee your spirit’s broken wings,
Earth’s brightest triumphs what despised things,
Friendship how feeble, love how fierce a flame,
Your joy half sorrow, half your glory shame,
Hollowness, weariness, and, worst of all,
Self-scorn that pities not its own deep fall,
Fast gathering darkness, and fast waning light,
Oh could ye see it all, ye might, ye might,
Cower in the dust, unequal to the strife,
And die but in beholding what is life.

Life is before ye—from the fated road
Ye cannot turn: then take ye up your load.
Not yours to tread, or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o’er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your souls within ye to the deed,
Angels, and fellow-spirits, bid ye speed,
What tho’ the brightness dim, the pleasure fade,
The glory wane,—oh! not of these is made

The awful life that to your trust is given.
Children of God ! inheritors of Heaven !
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy,
Ye were ordained to do, not to enjoy,
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare ;
A sacred burthen is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly ;
Fall not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win ;
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim warriors who set forth to-day.

F. BUTLER.

THE INFANCY OF MOHAMMED.

AN Arab nurse, that held in arms a sleeping
Arab child,
Had wandered from the parents' tents some
way into the wild ;
She knew that all was friendly round, she had
no cause to fear,
Although the rocks strange figures made and
night was threatening near,
Yet something kin to dread she felt, when sud-
den met her sight
Two forms of noble maintenance and beautifully
bright ;

Their robes were dipt in sunset hues, their faces
shone on high, [sky.

As Sirius or Canopus shine in purest summer
Straight up to her without a word they walked,
yet in their gaze

Was greeting, that with subtle charm might
temper her amaze.

One, with a mother's gentleness, then took the
slumbering child,

That breathed as in a happy dream, and deli-
cately smiled,

Passed a gold knife across its breast, that
opened without pain,

Took out its little beating heart—all pure but
one black stain. [lay

Amid the ruddy founts of life in foul stagnation
That thick black stain, like cancerous ill, that
eats the flesh away.

The other Form then placed the heart on his
white open hand, [withstand;

And poured on it a magic flood, no evil could
And by degrees the deep disease beneath the
wondrous cure

Vanished, and that one mortal heart became
entirely pure.

With earnest care they laid it back within the
infant's breast,

Closed up the gaping wound, and gave the
blessing of the blest;

Imprinting each a burning kiss upon its even
brow,
And placed it in the nurse's arms, and passed
she knew not how.
Thus was Mohammed's fresh born heart made
clean from Adam's sin,
Thus in the Prophet's life did God his work of
grace begin.

R. M. MILNES.

TREES.

LIKE the latest left of the battle-spears,
In their ancient strength they stand;
And they tell us still of the sylvan years
When the forests filled the land;
Ere ever a hunter tracked the wood,
Or mariner plough'd the seas,
But the isles were green in the solitude
Of their old primeval Trees.

They have survived the Druid's faith,
And the Roman eagle's fall,
And the thrilling blast of the bugle's breath
From the Norman's knightly hall;

But the sun shines bright, and the showers descend,

And the wild bird's home is made,
Where the ancient giants still extend
The green of their summer shade.

We have seen our early winters hang
Their pearls on each leafless bough,
And greeted the buds of the waking Spring
With a joy we know not now ;
For Life hath its winters cold and hoar,
But their frosts can form no gem ;
And the Spring may breathe on our hearts no
more,
But it still returns to them.

They are waving o'er our hamlet roofs,
They are bending o'er our dead,
And the odours breathed from his native groves,
On the exile's hearth they shed ;
Like him who gazed on his country's palm,
By his palace-circled Seine,
Till the Pagod rose in the wanderer's dream,
And the Ganges rolled again.

How sweet in our childhood's ear they spoke,
For we knew their voices well,
When far in our western hills they woke,
Of the coming Spring to tell ;

But now they send us a sadder sound,
On the winds of Autumn eves,
For it murmurs of wisdom more profound,
But it tells of withered leaves.

O, such were the Dryad tones that rose
In the Grecian woods of old,
And the voice from the Indian wilderness,
That the conqueror's fate foretold ;
For many a minstrel's dream had birth
In the sounds of leaf and breeze,
And the early oracles of earth
Were the old complaining Trees !

FRANCES BROWN.

THE SONG OF THE IVY.

" HA, ha !" laughed the Ivy, " let poets sing
Of the oak, and crown him the forest king ;
Let them sing of the elm, for his lordly height
And the birch, for his bark, so smooth and
white ;
Let them praise the chesnut, for majesty,
And the willow, for beauty,—but what care I ?
Beauteous, and stately, and strong and tall,—
I conquer them all—I conquer them all !"

“ Ha, ha !” laughed the Ivy, “ let men uprear
Castles and palaces far and near ;
Pile upon pile let their fabrics rise,
Darkening the earth and mocking the skies,
Lifting their turrets so haughtily,
Boasting their grandeur,—but what care I ?
Buttress, and bastion, and topmost wall—
I conquer them all—I conquer them all !”

“ Ha, ha !” laughed the Ivy, “ old Time to me
Hath given the glory and mastery !
So poets may sing, if it like them well,
From early matins till vesper bell,
And others may list to their minstrelsy,—
I’ve a song of my own,—so what care I ?
Beauteous, and stately, and strong, and tall—
I conquer them all—I conquer them all !”

T. WESTWOOD.

HARVEST-HOME.

WHILE on my knee within the myrtle shade
My silent lyre did stand,
Upon my shoulder, like a feather laid,
I felt a little hand.

Another, in small beauty twin to this,
Tipped the first baby string,
And greeting my fond ear with cherub kiss,
Some ouphe began to sing :

A hymn I heard this harvest morn,
From a light minstrel on a thorn,
That thrilled the very spray ;
But one big thought within his breast
Seemed to swell out his crimson vest,—
“ O welcome, happy day !”

A roundelay, as bold and blithe
As bee could hum about a scythe,
I heard his harvest-noon,—
“ Joy to the day, so bright and warm,
Will make both hive and hamlet swarm
With merry tenants soon !”

And hear'st thou not, this harvest eve,
Winds of the greenwood how they weave
Their sighs into a song ?
The trees find tongues—“ O blissful time !
Ring out, sweet village-bells, your chime,
And swing with us along !”

Hark ! how the mountain-stream doth rave,
And wave leaps headlong over wave,
Fast to the festive green,

Murmuring and making liquid brawl,
Forsooth they cannot, each and all,
Be first upon the scene !

Dreamer, wake up!—and with me hie
Thither!—Thine Elfin Genius, I,
Soul of thy fitful mirth!
No sprite who 'mid the starry spheres
Spends all his angel time in tears
Over unhappy Earth.

Half earth is dark, but half is bright;
If darkness thee, and the demons delight,
Keep to thy bower still;
There, in sad triumph, cypress-bound,
Like statue in his own fountain drowned,
Sit darkling if thou will.

Up! up! seclusion is selfish sin,
When such gay rites and revels begin?
See!—bright as bubble on foam,
Swift as with velyet breast the swallow
Slides through the air, I'm gone!—O follow,
Follow to Harvest-home!

A spurn like a beetle's, and whirr by my cheek,
I felt from a foot and a pinion sleek;
Methought o'er the stubble two gossamer
plumes

Fluttered light on the festive ground,
Yet brushing each flower for wild perfumes,
And washing betimes in the dew-filled blooms
Their feathery points; till at length I found,
On reaching the green, whither both were bound.
Instead of an elfin genius, I,
With kindling soul and ecstatic cry,
Had but followed a broad-winged butterfly!
That Will-o'-the-wisp of the sunbright day,
Which leads little fools, led me, astray;
Good genius still, were it gnat or gnome,
Which led me to join in a Harvest-home!

G. DARLEY.

MIND.

MIND creates and re-creates,
Crowded realms depopulates,
Bids cities, long destroyed, resume
Their pomp of pride and all life's stir,
Then leaves them once more to their doom—
Engulphed in Time's vast sepulchre.
Lo! appear the guarded towers,
Hanging gardens, myrtle bowers,
The crowded streets and massive walls,
The fountains and the waterfalls,
The palaces and columns tall,
The temples overtopping all,

And idols famed that o'er them shone—
Of boasted, erst-proud Babylon.
Lo! crowds on crowds, conningling, press
From Tadmor in the wilderness;
And lo, around besieging foes,
Led by their warlike queen they close;
Steeds paw the ground or snort in air,
Foes fall in numbers, here and there;
Shouts and shouts with varied cries
Bristle the spears, swords dazzling flash—
Hark how the meeting bucklers clash!
Of victory and pain, arise.
See fresh troops come rushing on;
They meet, they close—lo! all are gone.
Mind penetrates the earth and seas,
And revels 'midst the Pleiades.
It dances on the lightning flashes,
From cloud to cloud with thunder dashes;
It glows in the tempests, the whirlwind rides
When they rend the earth and torture the tides,
Or drown 'neath seas of moving sands
The caravans of sun-parched lands.
Mind strews a barren path with flowers,
And decks bleak heights with vine-clad bowers;
Each sunbeam that has once delighted,
That once a kindred glow excited,
It gathers again, till round is thrown
A lustrous daylight of its own!—

J. H. KEANE.

AN EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN many things the poet should be learned ;
 Life seems too short to work out his vocation.
 The world and all its histories he should know,
 And dwell with ancient as with modern men.
 Strange lands and languages let him explore,
 And be at home in the north and under palm-
 trees.

Above all, he must know the heart, go through
 The scale of all its feelings, joys and griefs.
 He must interpret statues too, and pictures ;
 What the woods whisper he must tell in words.
 Art—soul—world—nature—he must rule them
 all—

Yet none but fools would make of him a pedant.

ANON.

THE CYPRESS TREE.

THE Cypress tree is the tree for me,
 For in the churchyard's round,
 O'er the cold death-beds, they lift their heads,
 The masters of all the ground :
 Then on my grave, where'er it be,
 I wish to have a Cypress tree.

The rose may flaunt, like a gay gallant,
In the pride of summer-bloom,
But the tree loved best, for my place of rest,
Is that comrade of the tomb.
Then o'er my grave, where'er it be,
Forget not thou a Cypress tree!

The violet pale may scent the gale,
Laden with morning-dew,
But flower or plant I ne'er shall want,
With, Cypress! a friend in you.
Then o'er my grave, where'er it be,
I charge thee set a Cypress tree!

It matters not, in that quiet spot,
If briar or nightshade grow,
Or over my bones, green turf or stones,
Or the sunshine or the snow,
Should my lone dust, where'er it be,
Be shadowed by a Cypress tree.

Then o'er my grave let the Cypress wave,
And darkly—greenly rise,
For it's cone, like the spire of the funeral pyre,
Points upward unto the skies,
And in that tree a pledge I see,
My spirit shall immortal be.

CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY.

MARKED YOU HER EYE?

MARKED you her cheek of roseate hue?
 Marked you her eye of radiant blue?
 That eye, in liquid circles moving!
 That cheek, abashed at man's approving!
 The one Love's arrows darting round,
 The other blushing at the wound.

SHERIDAN.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

O SWEET South Wind!
 Long hast thou lingered 'midst those islands
 fair,
 Which lie, enchanted, on the Indian deep,
 Like sea-maids all asleep,
 Charmed by the cloudless sun and azure air!
 O sweetest Southern Wind!
 Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind
 Thy dark rose-crowned hair!

Wilt thou not unloose now,
 In this the bluest of all hours,
 Thy passion-coloured flowers?—
 Rest; and let fall the fragrance from thy brow,

On Beauty's parted lips and closed eyes,
And on her cheeks, which crimson-liked the
 skies;
And slumber on her bosom, white as snow,
Whilst starry Midnight flies!
We, whom the northern blast
Blows on, from night till morn, from morn to
 eve,
Hearing thee, sometimes grieve
That our poor summer's day not long may last:
And yet, perhaps, 'twere well
We should not ever dwell
With thee, sweet Spirit of the sunny South;
But touch thy odorous mouth
Once, and be gone unto our blasts again,
And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;
And arm us (by enduring) for that pain
Which the bad world sends forth, and all its woe!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE THREE WISHES.

I HAVE three wishes, which, at morn and eve,
I upward breathe—may Heaven my prayers re-
 ceive!—
The first—that love's pure stream may flow for
 ever,
Parch'd up by grief or angry passion never;

The second—that each step along my way
May wake an echo in some pleasant lay ;
And for the third—when my last song must close,
And when love's stream with softer billows flows,
That death may take me, with a friendly hand,
And guide me over to the better land,
Where love's clear fountain shall for ever flow,
And songs be all the speech the people know.

E. GEIBEL.

THOUGHTS

WHILE MAKING THE GRAVE OF A NEW-BORN CHILD.

Room, gentle flowers ! my child would pass to
heaven !

Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,
O watchful ushers at Death's narrow door !
But lo ! while you delay to let her forth,
Angels, beyond, stay for her ! One long kiss
From lips all pale with agony, and tears,
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life
Held as a welcome to her. Weep ! oh mother !
But not that from this cup of bitterness
A cherub of the sky has turned away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart !
My daughter ! It is soon to let thee go !
My daughter ! With thy birth has gush'd a
spring

I knew not of—filling my heart with tears,
And turning with strange tenderness to thee—
A love—oh God ; it seems so—that must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me,
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
Drawing me after thee ! And so, farewell !
'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost
But the foul grave ! Thou, who so late wast
sleeping

Warm in the close folds of a mother's heart,
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving
But it was sent thee with some tender thought,
How can I leave thee—here ! Alas for man !
The herb in its humility may fall,
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we—by hands that minister'd in life
Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosom,
And the warm sunshine trodden out for ever !

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook,

Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dead hush of the mourners gone ;
The birds are never silent that build here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters :
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And far below, seen under arching leaves,
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,
Pointing the living after thee. And this
Seems like a comfort ; and, replacing now
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies—
Robb'd of her child, and lonely. 'Tis the work
Of many a dark hour and of many a prayer,
To bring the heart back from an infant gone.
Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
The images from all the silent rooms,
And every sight and sound familiar to her
Undo its sweetest link—and so at last
The fountain—that once struck, must flow for
ever,

Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile
Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring
Wakens the buds above thee, we will come,
And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
Look on each other cheerfully, and say,—
A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,
And by this gate of flowers she passed away !

N. P. WILLIS.

THE UNFORGOTTEN ONE.

YONDER on that wall displayed,
Children three behold pourtrayed,
The resemblances of life,
With the truth of nature rife :
See one gentle girl is there,
And of boys a jocund pair ;
And by God's good grace, the three
Round about our hearts we see,
Filling still our home with glee.

But that loved one, who has left
Us of so much joy bereft,
Whom our yearning hearts require,
Whom our aching eyes desire,
We, alas ! have not of him
Even this poor memorial dim.
Oh unhappy chance ! the three
Whom around us still we see,
That do with their presence bright
Ever make us pure delight,
Whom at any hour we may—
Every hour of every day—
To our bosoms fold and press,
Visions of delight that bless
Daily our glad eyes, and still
With their living voices fill

Full of joyfulness our bowers,
Triad sweet, that still are ours ;
We may on their portraits feed,
In this richer than we need,
Hardly needing these, the while
They themselves upon us smile.

But that loved one, loved and lost,
Who has left our life's bleak cost,
After whom our eyes we strain,
Whom we listen for in vain,
For he comes, he comes not back,
Well-a-day ! of him we lack,
Rudest effort that should trace
The dear features of his face ;
Which if it had truly caught,
Though by artless limner wrought,
It had still been in our eyes
Dearer relic, costlier prize,
Than great work of master's hand,
By far-famed artist planned,
Looking calmly from the wall
Of some old ancestral hall.

And already, when I strive
That lost image to revive,
And his very self to paint
On my mind's eye, dim and faint

Come those features, indistinct,
Or with that last suffering linked ;
Or if they distinct and clear
For a moment may appear,
Soon they fade anew, and seem
Like the picture of a dream,
Or cloud vision, which the breath
Of the light wind scattereth.

Years will roll, and dim and dimmer,
Through their mists, will faintly glimmer
That loved image, which e'en now
Comes not freely to my vow,
Which already memory's wand
Is not potent to command
At its bidding.—Let it be,
Let me lose all trace of thee,—
Of the earthly casket, which
Once an heavenly gem made rich—
So that fresh in me I find
The dear features of thy mind,
So that these continue still,
And the haunts of memory fill—
All the largeness of thy heart,
Ever planning to impart
To thy brothers, to the poor,
Far beyond thy little store,
And thy tears which any woe,
Heard or seen, would cause to flow—

If I may remember still
How our inborn stain of ill
Did in thee break seldom forth,
Seldom came unto the birth;
(So the holy waters laved,
With their grace so truly saved ;)
While with a delighted ear
Of thy Lord and Saviour dear
Thou didst ever love to hear ;
If these memories with me stay,
If these do not fade away,
I with unrepining heart
Will those others see depart.

ANON.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

A RAVINE NEAR THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE RAMAPO.

THE cascade flashes through the lit ravine ;
And where the settler's axe has thinned the
trees,
The sun looks through their bright autumnal
screen
Of coloured leaves. Fantastic visages
Of rocks illumined by his smile he sees ;

Their shattered fronts the forest stems between,
And all with creeping vegetation green.

Flies 'twixt the mossy trunks the dripping
breeze,

On its moist wings outbearing to our ears

A pleasant rustle of decaying leaves,—

And the hoarse gurgle of descending waters:

Commingling sounds, which charmed Fancy
hears,

And pure Imagination glad receives;

—Of Memory and Delight the twin-born daughters.

D. HADDINGTON.

COMPLAINT OF FRANCE.

FRANCE!—once thy name was never spoken

In every land but as the peer,

Of honour and of fame the token,

To courtesy and prowess dear.

And strangers loved to seek thy shore--

But now what grief my bosom wrings,

To see thy sorrows more and more,

And mark thy ceaseless sufferings,

To know thy wrongs and thy mischance,

Beloved, bold, Christian realm of France!

Know'st thou the source of all these ills ?

Must I, tho' harsh, the truth reveal ?

List, though my soul thy anguish chills,

List, for I counsel for thy weal :

Thy tow'ring pride has been the cause,

Thy luxury, too great and high,

Injustice, and contempt of laws,

Thy cost, and sloth, and vanity,

Have drawn God's anger and mischance

On thee, brave Christian realm of France.

But yet despair not, Heaven has store

Of mercy for the weak and frail ;

Go, plead for grace, thy sins deplore,

And God thy late remorse will hail.

For he has promised, and will hear,

If humbly thou approach his throne ;

Joy is in Heaven to heal and cheer,

And in that trust is hope alone ;

For God bore crosses and mischance

For all—and thee, brave realm of France.

Oh ! call to mind thy war-cry bold,

Montjoy St. Denis ! and thy shield,

Where three fair lily-flowers of gold

Shine brightly in an azure field ;

Oh ! call to mind the holy sign

Heaven in the Oriflamme display'd,

And how thy kings, with oil divine,

Were by its virtue sacred made :

Heaven loves, and will thy power advance,
Dear, bold, brave land of Christian France.

I, Charles of Orleans, captive still
In youth's gay season, sing for thee—
For thee exert my minstrel's skill,
And fain would hail thee blest and free.
Long ere my fleeting youth is past,
May peace, my own dear land, be thine ;
May I behold thee saved at last,
Whatever adverse fate be mine ;
And bless the close of thy mischance,
Dear, bold, brave, Christian realm of France.

DUKE CHARLES D' ORLEANS.

MILL SONG.

MERRILY the mill sail
Turneth round and round,
With a breezy motion
And a busy sound.
Merrily the miller
Standeth at the door,
Humming pleasant ditties
From his ancient store.
Merrily, oh merrily, all the summer's day,
Hums that burly miller, while the mill-sails play.

At the open lattice,
In the little homestead near,
Sits the miller's good wife,
With face of blythesome cheer;
And round about the gateway
A little sturdy throng
Of rosy knaves are sporting,
With laughter loud and long;
And merrily, right merrily, at close of summer's
day,
Aye laughs the miller's children the while the
mill-sails play.

Good luck befall thee, miller,
With thy frank and hearty smile;
Good luck befall thy dear ones all,
That know nor grief nor guile.
When worldly cares beset us,
And worldly hopes decline,
'Tis well, I wot, to linger
By simple hearts like thine,
And merrily, still merrily, to pass the live-long
day,
Midst happier thoughts and better hopes, the
while the mill-sails play.

T. WESTWOOD.

IF THY DREAM WOULD NOT FORSAKE
THEE.

IF thy dream would not forsake thee,
Thou couldst count but endless bliss ;
But too soon will sorrow wake thee
From that fairy realm to this ;
Young of heart—thou seest around the
Kindest friends and forms most fair :
Would those spells which now have bound thee
Might not vanish into air !

He thou lov'st—confiding maiden,
See'st thou in life's happy spring ;
But the flowers, with sweets o'erladen,
Oft contain the fatal sting ;
Should another form and fairer
Chance to meet his roving eye,
E'en love's links may chafe the wearer ;
Thine perchance may broken lie.

Friends will die—and forms will vanish,
That seem all devoted now ;
Then the marks of care will banish
Hope from heart, and joy from brow.
Lightly let the hours roll o'er thee,
Youth but little knows of pain ;
Wintry days are all before thee,
Spring will ne'er return again.

CARPENTER.

THE MOTH AND THE TAPER.

As the loved one to the lover,
As a treasure, once your own,
That you might some way recover,
Seems to him that fiery cone.

Round he whirls with pleasure tingling—
Shrinks aghast—returns again—
Ever wildly intermingling
Deep delight and burning pain.

Highest nature wills the capture,
“Light to light,” the instinct cries,
And, in agonizing rapture,
Falls the moth, and bravely dies!

Think not what thou art, Believer;
Think but what they mayst become;
For the world is thy deceiver,
And the light thy only home!

R. M. MILNES.

SEA PIECE.

SUBLIME is thy prospect, thou proud rolling
Ocean,

And Fancy surveys thee with solemn delight ;
When thy mountainous billows are wild in com-
motion,

And the tempest is roused by the spirits of
night.

When the moon-beams thro' winter-clouds
faintly appearing,

At intervals gleam on the dark-swelling wave ;
And the mariner, dubious, now hoping, now
fearing,

May hear the stern Genius of hurricanes rave.

But now, when thine anger has long been sub-
siding,

And the tempest has folded the might of its
wing ;

How clear is thy surface, in loveliness gliding,
For April has open'd the portals of Spring.

Now soft on thy bosom the orient is beaming,

And tremulous breezes are waving thy breast ;
On thy mirror the clouds and the shadows are
streaming,

And morning and glory the picture have drest.

No gale but the balmy Favonian is blowing,
In coral caves resting, the winds are asleep ;
And, rich in the sun-beam, yon pendants are
glowing,
That tinge with their colours the silvery deep.

Yet smile or be dreadful, thou still-changing
Ocean,
Tremendous or lovely, resistless or still ;
I view thee adoring, with hallowed emotion,
The Power that can hush or arouse thee at
will.

HEMANS.

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves ;
They gleam from the abyss ;
They cry from yawning waves,
“ We are the Witnesses !”

Within earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives ;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their rists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey ;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;
Anger, and lust, and pride ;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of slaves ;
They glare from the abyss ;
They cry, from unknown graves,
“ We are the Witnesses !”

LONGFELLOW.

DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA.

Yes! thou art lovely with thy rose-crowned
brow,

The bloom of passion on thy radiant face,
When past thou fliest in the dance, as now,
Amid youth's eager glance and fond embrace.
To sink, forgetful of the world, to rest
Within thy arms, by thy enchantments bound,
That might, methinks, a warrior's steps arrest,
And tempt ev'n gods to tread this dangerous
ground.

But woman, I do fly thee!—I will not
Kneel to thee,—of thy convert throng make
one;—

Potiphar's wife!—thy purple tempts me not—
Let go my mantle!—for I will begone!
Before my vision floats a holier light;
A chaster form, my spirit's purest bride!
Us life, and truth, and poetry unite—
By German vows eternally allied.

Her eye is beautiful, though less than thine;
It beams with peace, but thine with wild desire;
Thy kiss is flame, but hers, if not divine,
Is a pure, breathing, and englaßdening fire.

Thou dragg'st thy lovers down from hour to
hour,

Nearer and faster to earth's misty face ;
She soars aloft with glorifying power,
And bears me with her in her dear embrace.

Her cares and sorrows never dim thy brow,
But her proud joys thy heart can ne'er distend ;
Light, flattering one,—the bliss thou dost not
know

Boldly with slaves and tyrants to contend.
Child of the happy ! thou unto the poor
And to the captive ne'er thy tears hast given ;
Hast never mingled with earth's contest sore
The heart of peace and pity sent from heaven.

Go ! revel and carouse each coming morrow !
Strive the swift hours by violence to hold,
But still remorse thy countenance shall furrow,
And discontent heap wrinkles, fold on fold.
Pass but a night—and the rose-garlands perish—
And down thy wizard realm of charms is hurled :
But in eternal green the laurels flourish—
And she—the other—is the abiding world.

Thou knowst her not,—no, never canst thou
know her !—

Ye two can never wander hand in hand ! [power
Thou canst not name her name,—hast not the
Her nature or her life to understand.

Feelest thou this?—then cast thy eyelids down,
For from the east her breath comes wafted o'er.
Ah!—the day breaks!—thank God, the dream
is flown—
Ay Love is much, but Liberty far more!

ANON.

THE GREEK WIFE.

I LOVE thee best, old Ocean! when
Thy waters flow all ripplingly;
And dimpling lake, in inland glen,
May seem almost the type of thee;
And when long-lingering lights of eve
Pause o'er thy waves that hardly heave;

And anchored vessels, seen afar
Athwart the bay, with slanting shrouds,
And crossing lines of rope and spar
Hang pictured on the yellow clouds;
While Silence, from the placid shore,
May count each beat of distant oar;

And spirit airs—or so they seem—
Are whispering of some far-off land;
For then doth Fancy love to dream
Along thy visionary strand,
And winneth tender thoughts from thee,—
Perchance too tender—gentle Sea!

No mother-home is world of ours
For dreamy tenderness alone,
But a rough school ; and sturdier powers,
That wrestle with the sigh, the groan—
And thoughts heroical and free,
Are thy bold teaching—stormy Sea !

And, hence, not all unpleased to brook—
By lightning flashes shown more dark,
Watch I with onward straining look,
Yet saddened too, yon Grecian bark,
Whose stoutest hand scarce holds the helm,
'Mid whirling waves that rush to overwhelm.

That bark to aid, a torch's light
Is gleaming through the troubled air.
She lifts it there ! In wild affright,
A wife—a mother—lifts it there,
For him, who, spite of coming wreck,
In calmness treads his splitting deck.

And yet one pang he scarce may brook—
He knows who lights that dangerous strand—
Oh, might he gather one last look !
Clasp but once more that loving hand !
And doth Love die, indeed, with breath ?
Or rules he in the realms of Death ?

If that brave bark may triumph yet,
No guardian spirit comes to tell ;
Or if the prayers, in terror met,
Bend vainly, now, o'er yonder swell,
As when, on that disastrous night,
Abydos saw the failing light.

If that brave bark may triumph yet,
We know not how decreed above ;
But this for lesson sure is set,
That courage firm and faithful love,
Or if they live, or if they die,
Have each fulfilled their mission high.

Through what a bitter tract of time
Hast thou not mourned, Ægean wave !
Each dweller of thy storied clime,
A struggler now—and now a slave ;
In war—in peace—struck down, or vexed,
By Roman first—by Moslem next.

Yet faithful Love ne'er fled the shore,
And Courage old still lingers there ;
And fresh-sprung Freedom, more and more,
Shall nurture in her generous air
High souls of women and of men,
Till Salamis revive again !

J. KENYON.

WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM?

" WHY do the flowers bloom, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers bloom,
And brightest those we reared, mother,
Around my brother's tomb?"

" To fill the world with gladness
My child, were flow'rets given,
To crown the earth with beauty,
And shew the path to heaven!"

" Then wherefore do they fade, mother,
Why do those sweet flowers fade,
When winter's dreary clouds, mother,
Earth's brighter scenes pervade?

" My child, those flowers that wither
Have seeds that still remain,
That the sunshine and the summer,
Restore to life again!"

" And shall not those who die, mother,
Come back to life once more,
E'en as the rain and sun, mother,
Those beauteous flowers restore?"

" Yes—yes, my child, such powers
To human flowers are given,
HERE earth's frail buds may blossom,
But WE may rise—IN HEAVEN."

CARPENTER.

FORGET HER NOT.

SHE has gone to her grave when our hopes were
the strongest,

For the sun of her beauty shed light o'er the
scene :

Oh ! we mourn not the blossoms that linger the
longest,

Like those that decay while their branches
are green.

How brief is the time since her voice was the
clearest,

Her laughter the loudest, amid the gay
throng ;

But the hand of consumption hath seized on
our dearest,

And sealed are her bright eyes, and silent her
song !

She has gone to her grave ! Like a vision be-
fore us

Her young spirit fled to the realms of the
blest,

And though tears may assuage, yet they cannot
restore us

The lips that so lately in life-time we press'd ;

Sweet orphan—when death of thy parents bereft
thee,

Our friendship we thought might atone for
their love ;

Yet why should we mourn that thy spirit hath
left thee

To mingle with theirs in the regions above ?

HEMANS.

TO ———

I SEND thee lilies given to me ;

Though, long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be ;

But yet reject them not as such :
For I have cherished them as dear,

Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,

When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,

The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose

Some fresher beauty varying round ;

The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear :
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

BYRON.

SONG,

ON DELIVERING THE CUP OF THE WATER OF LETHE
TO THE ASPIRANT TO THE EGYPTIAN MYSTERIES.

DRINK of this cup—Osiris sips
The same in his halls below ;
And the same he gives to cool the lips
Of the dead who downward go.

Drink of this cup, the water within
Is fresh from Lethe's stream ;
'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pains and sorrows, seem
Like a long—forgotten dream !

The pleasure whose charms
Are steeped in woe ;
The knowledge that harms
The soul to know ;

The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight
But mocks the taste ;

The love that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds
In venom beneath ;

All that of evil or false, by thee
Hath ever been known or seen,
Shall melt away in this cup and be
Forgot as it never had been.

BULWER.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE sun athwart the Indian main
His longest shadows cast,
As, homeward bound, a ship of Spain
Lucaya's strait had passed.
The leadsman plied his task no more ;
Far on the lee Abaco's shore
Had faded from the view ;
And freshly from San Salvador
The southern land-breeze blew.

The Captain seeks his native soil,
A wealthy man, and old.
The gains of fifty summers' toil
Are in that vessel's hold ;
And homeward from the west he bears
A daughter, child of many cares,
For whom he saved his gold.

The Captain to his mate drew near ;
" Now speed we well," said he ;
" For cruising out to seaward here
The Priest is wont to be ;
And he is the fellest buccaneer
That ever vexed the sea !"

The deck he measured too and fro,
With quick uneven tread ;
The wind was fair as wind can blow,
But still he turned his head
To westward, where the sun was low,
And the waves were burning red.

Across the setting disk a blot
Yon rising speck might seem ;
But, ere it sank, the darkening spot
Grew plainer in the gleam ;
Then from the mast the word was passed,
" A doubtful sail abeam !"

Pale grew the ancient Captain's lip ;
Then spake he quick and loud,—
And every sail the gallant ship
Would bear he bade them crowd ;
Till in the breeze, like supple trees,
The creaking topmasts bowed.

The night came on ; the sky was blind,
And all beneath was black,
Save the white wake that surged behind
The hurrying vessel's track ;—
The Captain blessed the rising wind,
Nor yet a sheet would slack.

He looked below—the cabin light
Danced on the shining hair
Of his sweet child, who welcomed night
On bended knees in prayer :
A gracious and a troubling sight
For one so full of care !

The old man checked a heavy sigh,
As with his mate he spake ;
And grasped his arm, and strained his eye
Till, as he searched the western sky,
His hand began to shake ;—
For something dark, and broad, and nigh,
Loomed in the vessel's wake !

Anon, a sudden flash and bright
Glared on the sea between ;
And plainly in the evil light
The pirate craft was seen ;—
And bounding swift amid the drift
The ball, it whistled keen.

Up flew the helm ! but black despair
Had smitten all the crew !
For vain it were the ship to wear
Full in the rover's view ;
And vainer still defence to dare
For men unarmed and few.

And ere the vessel's drift was changed,
Or her fore course was lowered,
The rover on her quarter ranged
And laid her close on board ;
Then o'er her side, like hounds untied,
The yelling pirates poured !

Christ Jesus ! now for precious life
The desperate fray begun ;
As, man to man, and knife to knife,
Outnumbered far, in hopeless strife,
They perished one by one !
So swift the work of death they plied,
That ere the first blood spilt had dried,
The butcher's deed was done !

The shot, the shrieks, the trampling sound,
Had roused in dire alarm
The maid, in softest slumber drowned,
Without a thought of harm ;—
Then savage faces, glaring round,
Crowd on her bed : she shrieked and swooned,
Grasped by a pirate's arm !

* * * * *

She strained her ear—she strained her eye—
Her eye is dim with tears :
Her breath grows quick—her heart beats high,
As, parting in the eastern sky,
The pearly vapour clears ;
And, bearing down, distinct and nigh,
A gallant ship appears !

Her lofty spars, her canvass square,
Her long and guarded side,
And the redcross flag that waved in air,
The glory of the sea declare—
The Island kingdom's pride !
As strong and beautiful and brave,
Like a fair swan she stems the wave—
The ocean's queenly bride !

The wreck they near—they shorten sail—
The ready boat is lowered—
Oh joy ! and now, with eager hail,
The captain springs on board—

The lover clasps his lady pale,
To hope and life restored !

L'ENVOI.

My tale is told ; and some may be
That deem it wild and strange ;—
But answer, ye that love the sea,
If aught that walks the sea is free
From wonder and from change ?

J. R. CHORLEY.

THE LOST CHILD RECOVERED.

LINGERING 'mong the furze and broom,
The heather and the field-flowers wild ;
Even like a blossom was the bloom
Of the fair forest child,
Who, wandering from his mother's foot,
Had sought the berries' tempting fruit.

The skies—how fair they seemed to him !
To him the fruit how rich, how sweet !
How cool the waters of the stream
Wherein he laved his feet ;
And O ! how grateful was the shade
Of the still boughs above his head !

But now the setting sun had cast
A lengthened shadow from his side ;
And tired and harassed, at the last
He sat him down and cried ;
And long and bitterly he wept,
Till worn and wearied all—he slept.

How calm and placidly he sleeps !
The green, green turf beneath his head ;
The raspberry tinting all his lips
With colour rich and red—
How beautifully falling there,
The clusters of his auburn hair !

His hand upon his breast the while
Is thrown in careless child-like grace,
And radiantly his dreaming smile
Discourses on his face,
Of thoughts that ever and anon
To home and all its pleasures run.

'Tis midnight—and the boughs above
Bend o'er the child yet slumbering there ;
The stream, a very song of love,
Breathes to the still night air ;
How calm he sleeps—oh ! sure the wild
Deep solitudes have blest the child !

Like the dog of famed Montargis, when
He saved the child—with signs of joy
Brave Hector gladly through the glen
Hath tracked and found the boy,
And licks his cheek in kindness, and
In kindness moves his little hand!

Roused from his sleep, the child yet knows
His shaggy favourite, and around
The dog's rough matted neck he throws
His arms, with sudden bound;
And joyfully they wandering come,
Towards their pleasant mountain home.

Oh! who shall tell how full, how free,
How glad his kindred's pulses beat!
How leaped each grateful heart when he
Thus wandered to their feet!
With unaffected native grace,
And smiles like sunshine on his face!

W. SINCLAIR.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

He never was light-hearted—
The first kind face he knew
Had frequent tears upon its cheek,
And sadness in its hue!

The gentle care of kindred-love
To him came rarely nigh ;
And even in his infancy
His heart had learned to sigh !

He was a lonely widow's child—
A stranger in the land ;
And very few the friends she knew
That shewed a friendly hand :
The thoughtfulness which age should cast,
Made sad his youthful eye ;
And thus his early boyhood past—
Whose memory was a sigh !

But better days, with riper years,
Shone round his home of care ;
The friendless boy—though nursed in tears--
Found nobler wealth to share ;
The angel-light of genius threw
A glory o'er his breast ;
His early name was linked to fame—
The widow's home was blest ! C. SWAIN.

THE TROBADOIR'S LAY.

KNIGHT.

SAY, will you, or wont you, lady bright,
Deign from your casement to look to-night ?
Love's star shines bright o'er tree and tower,
O, deign to smile on the trobadour.

I climbed the Alps, where the wild chamois
Bounds light and free o'er its native snow,
And paced the vales of the fruitful Rhine.
To bring the heart that's long been thine.

LADY.

Who is it that wakes that soft guitar !
Is it to greet yon waning star !
For he that should sing in solace to me,
Is a pilgrim far beyond the sea ;
My heart's in his keeping, and ever shall be,
So waste not your song on Rosalie.

KNIGHT.

The saint I invoked on the battle-plain ;
In the vesper hour, and the cup did drain,
No other name I knew but thine—
Thou wast my saint and my heart's own shrine :
Say, will you, or wont you, lady bright,
Deign to smile on your own true knight ?

A. CRAWFORD.

THOU NEVER ART FORGOT.

Is it because amid the crowd
My accents name thee not—
Because my wailing is not loud,
That thou hast been forgot ?

I saw—O God!—the hand of pain
Write on thy fair young brow ;
And, if thou didst not murmur then,
I may not murmur now.

Our love was all too pure a thing
Ere yet it spake in sighs,
To meet the idle questioning
Of idle tongues and eyes.
I hid it, when most warm and wild,
Within my spirit deep ;
And they who saw not how it smiled—
They shall not see me weep !

Forgotten ? Night : I turn to thee :
How long, and oh ! how well,
My heart has hugged its misery,
The night—the night must tell !
Like yonder river's unheard flight
Amid the moon-lit leaves,
That in the still and slumbering night,
Lifts up its voice and grieves !

Night, that wakes perfumes in the flower,
And murmurs in the tree :
Which haunt its dim and solemn hours,
Each like a memory.

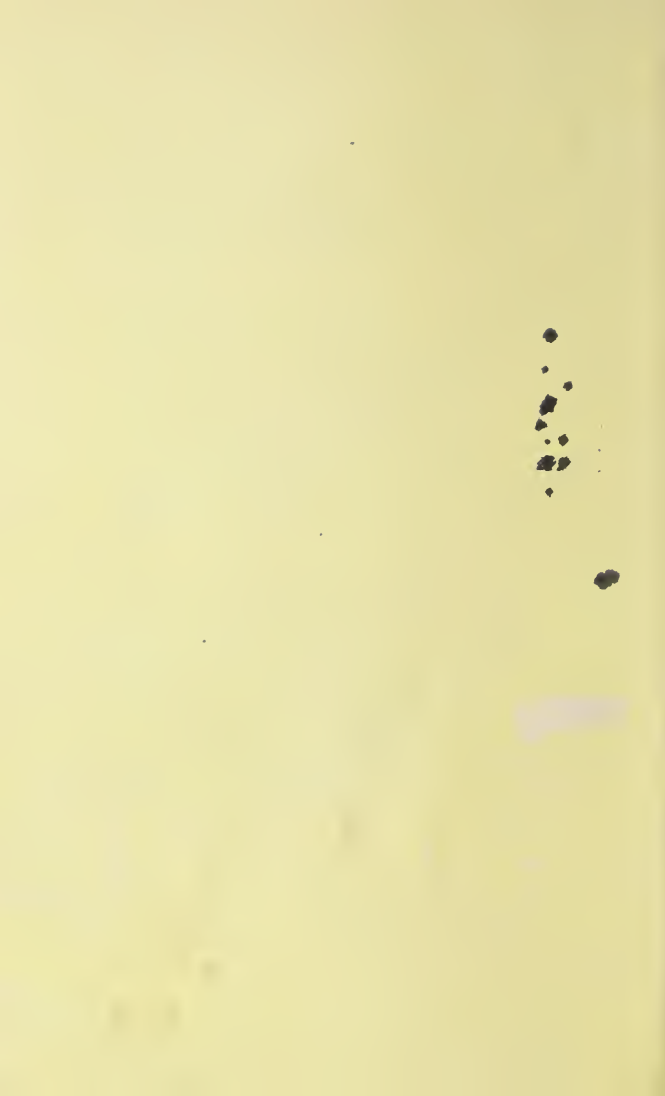
By night, by night—oh! long and far
Departed as thou art,
Thine image like a silver star
Shines up within my heart.

Forgotten?—all that fancy wrote
Upon my breast or brain—
The dreams of life—are all forgot,
The hues of joy or pain
Have faded at the touch of grief,
Forgotten all—save thou,
Whose thought, like summer's latest leaf,
Clings to a withered bough.

I do not give thy memory tears,
It were to do it wrong;
But shall I name the love of years,
Where fools laugh loud and long?
Within—without—no string that is
But tells me thou art not;
And though the smilers dream not this,
Thou never art forgot.

ANON.





RICKS COLLEGE

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